

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय

SANTINIKETAN  
VISWA BHARATI  
LIBRARY

915.4

W 15

3137











## DEDICATION

---

TO OUR MOTHER,—

We affectionately inscribe these, the first fruits of our literary labours, as a slight compensation for the many anxieties she endured during our absence from her, and we would that all those who open these volumes might look upon them with her indulgent eyes, and judge leniently the errors which must necessarily accompany the work of such tyros in literature as we are.

At the present moment, when all eyes are turned with such absorbing interest towards the East, and any subject relating to India seems tinged with unusual importance, we have permitted ourselves to believe

that these descriptions of every-day Anglo-Indian life may prove acceptable to a wide circle of readers.

In the narrative we adopted the fictitious name of Dheorghur (the far-off city), but the reader is requested to bear in mind that the actual place designated is— **MEERUT.**

We have only to premise, in launching our venture on the great sea of authorship, that both our pen and pencil illustrations are true and faithful copies from nature, and should their perusal excite only a portion of the amusement that accompanied their production, they will have more than fulfilled the hopes of

{	MADIELINE	}	WALLACE-DUNLOP.
	AND		
	ROSALIND		

*February, 1858.*

THE CONTRAST	11
VAN IN THE DESERT	41
MONSIEUR GREENIER	54
ADEN	87
THE ADMIRALTY AGENT	65
DAR GHARRIE	91
BENARES	111
NATIVE BOAT, CAWNPORE	114
BAZAAR IN DHOOORGHIE	155
CHUPRASSEE	166
HOLY TANK	202
THE JHAMPAUN	221
JUNGLE COSTUME	253
THE DANDEE	270
BREAKFAST IN THE JUNGLE	273
KHITMUTCHAR AND COOLIE	274
DANDEE IN DIFFICULTIES	293

*Directions to the Binder.*

DOORWAY AT BHARGER— <i>Frontispiece.</i>	
THE LANDOUR HOUSE	to face 235
VILLAGE OF BHARGER	295
TAAL	306
PEHARRIE MEN	311



## THE TIMELY RETREAT;

OR,

A YEAR IN BENGAL BEFORE THE MUTINIES.

INDIA has long been a household word to us. Father and mother, aunts and uncles, had all spent great part of their lives there; my cousins, as they arrived at years of discretion, all seemed naturally to bend their steps towards the "glowing East." From our earliest infancy japanned cabinets and boxes of marvellous workmanship were as familiar to us as dolls or spelling-books. Bronze Hindoo idols of grotesque form, and preserved snakes and insects of every conceivable shape, decorated our house, which literally overflowed with curiosities; so we



may be said to have grown up quite in an Indian atmosphere. My most juvenile remembrances are connected with letters from the East, the agony of disappointment when they did not arrive, and the ecstasy of delight with which they were received. Had my father lived, it would probably have been our lot to have joined him in India, and as it was, my brother often suggested that we might as well all come out and live with him as stay in England—a proposal we had always treated as a great joke, till one autumn, London being empty, and Paris growing dull, the brilliant idea crossed our minds that we two might run out alone overland to India, take a peep at Keith and the country, and be back in next to no time, almost before we were missed. The more we thought of it, the more delightful and feasible the scheme appeared. The complete novelty, besides the dash of independence and adventure that seasoned the plan, gave it a charm in our eyes. Then, beyond all, the extraordinary opportunities of collecting together with the greatest facility an outfit

of unparalleled elegance, presented to us by the close of the French Exhibition, completely decided us. Mamma, having made the voyage two or three times herself, and knowing that scarcely a mail could leave England without carrying out some friend who would look after us in all needful things, saw no objections to the scheme.

It was then the close of November; so writing to India to warn Keith of our advent, and to London for the requisite funds, we set to work in real earnest, and laboured so successfully, both in Paris and London, that before February arrived we found ourselves the fortunate possessors of fifty-three dresses each, besides an immense variety of nondescript articles which it would never have entered our heads to purchase at home, but which might (so people told us) be useful abroad. I think, had we known beforehand all the miseries of preparation to be gone through, which seems a necessary preliminary to a voyage to India, we should scarcely have undertaken the trip so hastily. But it was then too late to retreat; so, con-

soling ourselves with the hope that for ten years at least we should never require to be teased by dressmakers again, and our friends by assurances that we should certainly be back in a year like travelled monkeya, we set our faces boldly (metaphorically speaking) eastward ho!

I pass over the touching adieux of our friends, the various farewell parties held in our honour, and the numerous bets taken by unbelieving gentlemen for and against the chances of our speedy return; also, I draw a veil over the inexpressible miseries of packing, the total subversion of all order in the house, our mingled horror and despair at discovering, on the very last day our agent said he could give us for our luggage, that the tin cases provided were not half large enough to hold our Paris finery, and the desperate determination with which we induced any lady in the neighbourhood possessing a tin box to bestow it upon us, our astonishment at the amazing bulk of our worldly belongings, and the indescribable sensation of relief with which we saw them

all depart for the steamer, leaving us a day or two's leisure to breathe quietly. (It is a rule with the Peninsular and Oriental steamers that all luggage must go on board a day or two before the passengers do.)

Last words are always miserable things; only those who have passed through the same ordeal can at all sympathise in it; and, notwithstanding our fixed determination to return so soon, I suppose our party down to Southampton was just as wretched a one as leave-taking expeditions are sure to be both to principals and assistants.

At Southampton the company provide a little steam-tug, which plies two or three times between the pier and the Indian steamer to convey passengers on board and bring back all the friends who have come down to see them off. That wretched little steamer, how well I remember it carrying away its melancholy freight of tearful faces and despairing hearts—what bitter partings, what heartrending scenes from our grand life-drama are acted out here! Do you see that weeping woman, who is stifling her

agonising sobs and dashing the blinding tears from her eyes, that she may take (alas! in how many cases) her last farewell look at the face dearest to her on earth? or that grey-bearded veteran, who, with folded arms and compressed lips, is nerving himself to control his voice so as not to upset the struggling manhood of the fair-haired youth who is now launched forth alone in the battle of life, with his mother's last trembling kiss yet warm on his brow, and his father's earnest blessing still thrilling through his frame? God help the brave young spirit that means to act so nobly, and God help the sad hearts that are borne away! What earnest love follows them—what true souls are pleading in prayer for their well-being! For those who love to study the human heart divested of disguise, Southampton ought to be a most interesting place. At these times it is most aggravating to see people, who, as they say, have got over all their farewells yesterday, looking on, calm (they can hardly be unconcerned) spectators of the scene. Then that horrible band goes

## A YEAR IN HENGAL.

on mercilessly playing through everything in the most excruciatingly correct manner!

While we were still watching the receding steamer, Mr. de Vaux, with the kindest intentions in the world, would come asking us where we chose to sit at dinner, and even about making up our party for the desert vans, till, wishing him at the bottom of the sea, we fled down stairs, and, in the midst of our wretchedness, felt we could never be sufficiently thankful for the luxury of a cabin to ourselves. Never can I forget the dreary desolation of that afternoon: utterly rejecting all the steward's offers of consolation in the shape of dinner or tea, we spent our time in wondering how we could have been such fools as to undertake the journey at all, and reiterating to each other our unalterable determination to return within the twelvemonth—while, to complete our miseries, that dreadful band struck up in the saloon, and we were almost driven frantic by being compelled to listen to all the waltzes and galops of last season, bringing up such vivid pictures of bygone days, when

we never dreamt that steam-boats and Indis were so soon to be our lot. All days, how ever long, must have an end, and night a length closed on our sorrows, and morning dawned on a most wretched ship's company for we fell at once into the track of a storm that blew without cessation till we neared Gibraltar. Scarcely any one appeared on deck for about seven days, and for my own part I only knew when it was day or night by the steward's rushing in to light the lamp, or put it out—the stewardess being *hors de combat* on account of the storm. After its violence had a little abated, a few pale and subdued-looking individuals contrived to stagger on deck and look at each other, there being nothing else to see, save the ocean. When at last we made our appearance, sufficiently recovered to think about dinner, every one else had taken his place. The rule is to choose a seat at the beginning of the voyage, which you retain till you leave; of course the places kindly offered us near them by Mr. and Mrs. de Vaux had long been filled up, so the captain, saying he was our

natural protector on board, took us under his care, and assigned us seats near him, between two gentlemen, known as the elephantine brothers, on account of their immense size and imperturbable silence. The captain chose them, he said, because they made the best watch-dogs on board. My unaccustomed eyes were much astonished at the immense quantities of nourishment that seemed necessary to recruit the exhausted frame of my elephant. No wonder he was so stout; everything edible that came in his way was pounced on by his broad, fat fins, and despatched with marvellous celerity. The only words he found leisure to address to me during dinner were, "Tapioca good," with a significant point at the dish. Nora drove her elephant away, by wickedly insisting on asking him questions, till the poor creature, finding his feeding-time getting curtailed, refused to sit longer in her vicinity, and changed his seat.

We found these two ungainly cubs had been sent out on their travels to get polished up. They spent their time in playing chess.





THE ELEPHANTINE BROTHERS.

with each other on deck, or in writing their journals down stairs. Several (young) gentlemen on board kept these interesting books, and it was an edifying sight to see them all in the saloon alternately writing and reading out their remarks to each other. I asked one day what they could possibly find to write about, and was told, "Oh, a great many exciting events happened; for instance, during the late storm no less than three gentlemen fell down the same stairs, and

all broke their noses in the same place." Several stalwart-looking youths were so reduced by sea-sickness, that their companions had to feed them with scraps of biscuit and port wine, and then lead them up and down the deck.

I often admired a handsome, spirited little Turkish-Armenian boy, the *protégé* of an English clergyman, who was trying to educate and bring him up with his own sons. The contrast between the fair-haired, quiet, well-behaved English boys and the restless, wicked, sparkling little Turk was so striking,



THE CONTRAST.

that I transferred it to my sketch-book. His kind patron hoped to send him back, when grown up, to teach his countrymen, saying, "They tell me he is very rude; but he is always good to me." It seemed a hopeless kind of expectation. No doubt a good example and education can do much; but the gentlemen on board said he was the greatest little scamp they had ever seen, and so mischievous, that the sailors were sometimes obliged to put a hook and rope through his waistband and hang him suspended over the ship's side to punish him.

Of course, like every one else, we landed at Gibraltar, and enjoyed ourselves heartily; it was so pleasant to see sunny skies and smooth water again; the quaint foreign look of everything was so piquant and delightful. We gazed with unfeigned admiration on the Moorish turbans, Spanish mantillas, and all the motley assemblage of queer characters in the market-place. Rosinante-looking steeds, with an unmistakable Barbary cut about them, were standing tethered to stakes, their strangely-shaped saddles covered with

netting and large tassels of many-coloured worsted, showing almost more than anything else that we had left conventional England far behind.

We were led, awe-struck, through the ponderous fortifications and seemingly endless warlike stores kept here, and looked wonderingly at the little bit of neutral ground which separates us from Spain, and sorrowfully at the many wrecks lying about — no less than sixteen ships lay stranded on the shore within sight. They bring you sweet little bunches of violets here for sale, and every one came on board laden with delicious oranges, about fifty for a shilling.

Fine weather to Malta, and then finding the Marseilles mail had not arrived, we were to wait two days for her. The island was full of troops, and the town gay with visitors and officers: among the latter we had some friends and cousins, who came to take us on shore to see the lions. First of all we were hurried to see the Carmelite friars, who are embalmed after death — “pickled monks” our friends called them; then came all the

churches, gardens, and shops. It seemed to me, whatever you wanted, it was necessary to walk down the principal street first. We laid in a stock of Maltese lace, which was afterwards stolen from us.

Though highly amused, we were very tired when we reached the ship again—making arrangements to be on shore very early to practise with our pistols. Yes, reader—do not start—amongst the miscellaneous articles we had brought from home was a pair of small Colt's revolvers, which we insisted on carrying, and were utterly scandalized at our good friends, who considered it a wanton outraging of all propriety; but we were determined having our own way. The San Juan rebellion was still fresh in our recollections, and we had about one thousand miles to travel up country; besides, I knew my brother never thought of moving without fire arms, and I had often heard that the sight alone of a pistol was enough to frighten a native. People asked, in tones of deep concern, if we really would use weapons of defence in case of an attack.

"Certainly," I said: "if it came to a question of my shooting a native or his shooting me, I should choose the former alternative."

We had made up our minds, in case of the worst, however, to aim at the legs of our assailants, as I have a slight prejudice about killing a man, and would infinitely prefer disabling him. Chamma was only afraid lest we should manage to shoot each other by mistake; to prevent which mishap we went on shore expressly to practise loading, and aiming at a mark. We acquitted ourselves, we were told, with credit; and certainly could have done so without feeling afraid of what we used to do.

I always see the natives when they do shoot, seem to find it far easier than gentlemen, as from not drinking wine or smoking, they have a steadier hand and more correct eye.

The array of fire-arms on board was something marvellous: each gentleman had a rifle, or revolver, with a special, and it appeared unique, improvement which made it superior to any one else's. One afternoon a general cleaning fever seized every one, and

I was amused, on looking down into the saloon, to see each gentleman producing his favourite weapon, and describing on its obvious merits. Nora went below to give ours to be cleaned also, and in a few moments a stout gentleman, of a peaceful turn of mind, rushed on deck, evidently in a great state of trepidation, and began describing to a friend the uncomfortable sensations he had experienced on seeing one formidable-looking fire-arm after another arrayed, till the whole saloon seemed wise with them; but when I thus appeared, in my cabin and exhibiting arms, he immediately thought it high time to stop. I mentally trusted a man of his kind might be as easily frightened.

On the evening of our stay in Malta there was a grand concert given in the town, at which our cousins tried hard to persuade us to appear; but, being dubious as to whether the low and standing of these vulgar artists, born to entertain the people, we should be considered as degrading our family, we declined, and had gone

and the good old captain, though highly commending our prudence, was sure we felt very much disappointed about it, and by way of devising some means of amusing us instead, he determined to take us in a boat into all the harbours of Valetta as soon as the moon rose.

We prepared for the expedition by dressing in brown hats, dark skirts, and loose scarlet flannel jackets, made expressly for boating in— I considered the very perfection of nautical costume; yet, when we passed through the saloon, I heard a gentleman say, "Let me go, and then let me away, before I get burnt up!"

The captain ordered the boats to be manned by all the little boys of the crew, and we had a glorious row in and out of quiet, secluded little harbours, and underneath the hulls of tall, dark ships, whose black tapering masts were towering up to the heavens; for the English fleet lay anchored here with its Russian prizes, side by side, conquerors and prisoners alike reposing after their toils were done.



There was a splendid moon; and sometimes the oars were drawn in, and the little rowers sang us some well-known chorus, or the bolder ones gave us a solo. It was pleasant to hear their fresh boyish voices, chanting out "Partant pour la Syrie," or, "What will they say in England?" both national songs now. We did not envy the crowded, hot concert-room. Music on the water, and moonlight around, what combination of circumstances could be more favourable to reverie? I fell into a fit of musing, and when the captain asked me what I was thinking about, I said, as a mark of my sense of his question, I gave him a copy of my thoughts verbatim. They are hardly worth musing, unless, reader, you chance to be in our situation, and then I think you will hardly fail to find your own thoughts echoed back to you, in perhaps different words.

"North Dian's beams, that, softly bright,  
Now flood the world with pearly light,  
We o'er the waters, still and dark,  
Glide onwards in our little bark;

And yield to musing once again,  
 That half are pleasure, half are pain.  
 Ah me! the witchery of the hour  
 When memory yields her mystic power,  
 And bids those solemn founts be stirred  
 Whose deep sad tones are rarely heard;—  
 Then, as we bow before her sway,  
 She speaks of those far, far away;  
 Of happy homes in distant lands,  
 And lone days cheered by friendly hands,  
 What thrilling thoughts the bosom swell  
 When music lends her master spell,  
 And opens with resistless art  
 The sealed up treasures of the heart;  
 Then pass each scene of bygone years,  
 The beacon-light of smiles and tears  
 That glimmer o'er the misty sea  
 And lead us to the memory  
 Where float the olden, fitting dreams  
 Whose radiance still illumines gloom,  
 Those high resolves and noble aims  
 That rouse the soul to noble deeds  
 Of worldly thought and vain desires  
 Have caught our eyes and turned our eyes.  
 And now, while standing thus between  
 Our dear old friends and those unseen,  
 And leaving childhood's world ideal  
 To mingle in the battle real,  
 We fix our earnest, wistful gaze  
 Upon our future's deepening haze,  
 Oh! as we plead for strength to bear  
 The all unwonted weight of care  
 That darkens the horizon fair,  
 May our unceasing, earnest prayer  
 Be, "Guard us, Lord, from every ill  
 And keep our spirits child-like still!"

The day after we quitted Malta was Sunday, and it was a pretty sight to see all those stalwart English sailors dressed in their Sunday best, with their jaunty neck-ties coquettishly arranged, and their spotless white trousers and stockings, sported in honour of the day, the latter being too great a luxury for constant wear. All the available seats were placed on deck, and an impromptu pulpit got up, with the union-jack thrown over all, and there, on the sunny waters of the blue Mediterranean, the voice of prayer and praise arose from many an earnest heart. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the service, our gravity was hardly tested when the German band, having received instructions to perform the Morning Hymn, struck up, each instrument in a different key, and triumphantly ran a race through six verses. Vainly did we wait for the pause when the congregation were to aid with their voices; the band played steadily on, till some more daring spirits struck in at different parts, according to where they supposed the music was, or

ought to be; and sounds of more dire confusion or discord I have rarely listened to.

As we had now left all appearance of rough weather far behind, our kind captain proposed to get up dancing, that being the orthodox manner of passing the evenings on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamers; so, on mounting the stairs, after tea, we were agreeably surprised to find the decks cleared of all encumbrances, and lanterns hung around, like fireflies. I cannot say they threw much light on the subject, but must have looked very firefly-like to any vessel at a distance. The band was arranged round the captain. After a few dances with our own set, we were amazed by the apparition of a small individual, considerably shorter than myself, lost in a huge great-coat, apparently chained on to him, from the massive gold links visible at the opening. This little being requested the honour of my hand for "a round dance," a request I with some difficulty comprehended, never having heard a waltz or galop so denominated before. As I could not possibly ac-

cede to his demand, he sank into his original peaceful obscurity again, amidst a nondescript mass of clerks, schoolmasters, &c., proceeding to the colonies. Though the steamer seemed steady enough for walking, it was trying in the extreme for saltatorial purposes, and I frequently expected to take a flying leap over the bulwarks, quite involuntarily, as you may suppose, but my partner, though a magnificent one at a Woolwich ball, was almost too swift for the circumscribed limits of a deck, and my hands were often extended to grasp the ropes for safety.

The last day of our *Arab* life had been spent in arranging ourselves for places in the desert vans. You are allowed to make up your own party of six (the number each van contains), but if you fail to do so, you must apply to the agent, who allots you a seat with some nearly completed party. It is amusing to see people rushing about frantically, exclaiming, "I only want one more to fill up my number. Smith won't go unless I goes too," and "I have just

room for one; if I go to the purser, he will give me that horrible Dutchman whom no one will admit, he is so stout; or that wretched Frenchman, whose very hair smells of tobacco. The manœuvres to escape going in a van with children, or to be elected to one which boasted the presence of some divinity (for the time being), were edifying, and we had reason to be grateful to Mr. de Vaux, who had settled our desert party almost before we left Southampton; so we looked calmly on amidst all the excitement.

This important point being settled, the balloting for numbers and places. A member of each party drew a number from a bag. The vans started at a time, with an interval of four hours between each set, till all are despatched. When you reach Cairo you are informed at what hour the next batch are appointed to leave, so that a little calculation tells you when your turn will come. We considered ourselves very lucky in getting that usually unlucky number, "thirteen," as that ensured us some time at Cairo—a place much more worth seeing

than Suez, where the unfortunate early arrivals would have to kill time as best they could. And so, with music, dance, and stormy debate, the gallant *Ava* sped her way, and shortly landed us on the wharf at Alexandria; and then, indeed, every tie of home seemed severed, and we wished ourselves the lucky passengers to return in her. But there was too much hurry and bustle going on for prolonged meditations, and railways won't wait for sentiment; so, after a hurried breakfast, we had just time to reach the station, having witnessed, *en route*, a grand scrimmage among the donkey-boys for patronage.

In the train, people usually arrange themselves according to their van parties, and we were deposited in a broad-gauge carriage, just as if we were going to Edinburgh; but oh! the difference in speed—we seemed to crawl along—and our principal amusement was getting a young Irish gentleman to beg oranges for us, which he did like a true son of Erin, and in the broadest accent. Leaning out of the window and coolly looking into the

next compartment, he said, "Won't ye give us some oranges for a lady, if ye please?"—an appeal which was promptly responded to by some dexterous hand neatly pitching them in, and a mock combat ensued. Stopping at one of the stations, our tall friend managed to get out of the window (the door being locked), and made an excursion down the train, pelting in oranges till the whistle sounded, when he appeared amongst us literally like Harlequin, all-fours. The amusement of playing ball with oranges had now become universal; everybody grew vehemently excited about it, clapping their hands with delight at a good catch and shouting disapprobation at the awkward individual who failed in arresting the ball, letting it slip down the bank, and so losing it irrecoverably. In his energetic attempts to catch an orange, Master Sims lost his hat and pugheree, eliciting a look of commiseration from every one in the train as it flew past. The want of a hat in this climate might be a dangerous thing; but we were fortunately able to lend him a spare one—a large



brown mushroom, decorated with blue bows. This he tied on with immense satisfaction, and looked so absurd in it, that we laughed till we were tired. His great delight was to put his head out at the stations and ask the guard some question, to which, seeing the blue bows, he always began replying, "Ma'am," and then, observing the coat, continued, "Beg pardon, sir, thought it was a lady." This was nothing, however, to the sensation the hat created at the Nile, where, the floating bridge not being completed, we had to cross in little steamers, and just as we turned out of the carriages it so happened the homeward-bound passengers were landing; and the amazed consternation with which they regarded young Sims's nondescript attire, supposing that to be the newest importation from the land of fashion, and dreading the being compelled to appear in such a garb themselves, was delightful to behold.

There is a very creditable lunch provided for you at Kafilah, which everybody attacks with the desperation of famished wolves or

hungry railway travellers—much the same thing. At the last station before we reached Cairo, a dragoman hooked himself on to our carriage, having knowingly come out by a previous train to forestal competition, and very useful Omar was in driving away the swarms of donkey-boys and settling us at Sheppard's. After the seven o'clock dinner we determined on a donkey ride. The moon showered floods of light on the dark-green foliage and stately white houses around; and not knowing how soon we might be called on to depart, we wished to make the most of our time. We had great difficulty in procuring donkeys, their owners having departed for the night. Some of the gentlemen, however, worked on the feelings of the more avaricious spirits, and after various small *contretemps* of saddles turning round, &c., we retired to rest, having arranged to start as early as possible for the Pyramids. Six o'clock next morning saw us eager expectants of breakfast in the large saloon, but Mr. de Vaux was informed by the waiter that none was given out till nine. A party

of gentlemen in an ante-room seemed, nevertheless, refreshing themselves very comfortably—a fact which doubled our envy, as we had no time to lose, for Mr. and Mrs. Grier, with whom we were to perform our excursion, were anxious to start. At last a gallant sea captain, pitying our distress, came to the rescue, and after vainly trying to excite Mr. de Vaux to invade the culinary department, that gentleman being far too polite to assert an Englishman's prerogative and command a supply of refreshments, made a successful raid on the pantry. Others joined in the pillage, and it resulted in satisfactory chicken, ham, bread, and coffee. They would have assisted us earlier, had they not fancied Mr. de Vaux was in charge; but better late than never, and with the inner man well fortified, we set out on our expedition.

It was little short of marvellous the speed at which our Jehu drove through the crowded lanes and bazaars of Grand Cairo. At no part could we have passed another vehicle, and what with crowds of pedes-

trians, strings of camels, and many a fair Eastern dame mounted *à la Zouave* on sleek mules, I felt extremely nervous; but Omar's lungs seemed equal to any amount of shouting. We stopped at one of the merchants' stalls to invest in some white muslin for turbans, and found a serious difference between English and Egyptian measurement, albeit both are *yelept* yards. We laughed heartily at each other's grotesque appearance, with a Moslem turban *süüm* mounting a mushroom hat; but how to arrange Mrs. Grier's was a difficulty, that lady wearing a bonnet, and nothing could prevent it looking like Mother Bunch's. At the banks of the Nile in Old Cairo we were ordered to descend, and coachee wisely demanding his fare of twenty-five francs, made off with it, promising to be in waiting on our return. Omar then selected the five likeliest donkeys, which were speedily shipped and sent across. We were then carefully assisted up a plank into the boat, Omar coolly lifting Nora up in the most undignified manner, thinking her not big enough to inspire awe.

Our noble steeds were in readiness on the other side, and, fortunately for Nora and I, we had had some little practice in sitting sideways on a gentleman's saddle, nothing else being procurable. We started at a fair trot through fields and over patches of grass on the confines of the desert. Poor Mrs. Grier had a sad tumble, being forcibly ejected over her donkey's head, and, more frightened than hurt, piteously called on her beloved James to aid her, but he having already experienced no less than three downfalls, considered one a trifling circumstance, and cantered blithely on. At the foot of the Pyramids we were surrounded by scores of swarthy Egyptians, in loose, dark-blue costumes and the invariable fez; we had not the slightest intention of performing the ascent, but had long cherished a lingering desire to do so, and finding our guide never for an instant doubted the feasibility of it, we resigned ourselves to the tender mercies of four Arabs, that being the number allotted to each aspirant for surmounting the rugged sides of old Cheops' monument.

Each wrist was seized upon by a dusky son of the desert, while two stood behind ready to relieve the first pair, and, *nilens volens*, we were dragged on to an endless chorus of "Jnap, jump"—their only English word. At first it was good enough fun, and the Arabs laughed and chatted incessantly; but soon I got out of sight of Nora, and despite her cries of "Maud, Maud," my attendants hurried me on. Poor Nora! clambering up stones of from four to five feet with her short legs was a difficulty, to say the least of it, while the merciless Arabs would suspend my whole weight from my unfortunate wrists, which I momentarily expected to give way. Every instant increased my exhaustion. Nora was out of sight, and neither Mr. Grier nor little Sims near, and my attendants kept poking their ugly black phizzes and rows of glistening teeth in my face, imperatively demanding "bucksheesh," and significantly pointing at my bracelets and pockets, the latter containing some fifteen sovereigns. At last, when ready to drop, I encountered a fellow-passenger coming

down, who, I suppose, pitied my pallid aspect. He made them stop, and I rested in peace for a few moments, and then at it again. "No surrender!" was the cry; and after ten minutes' more severe toil the summit was achieved, and we were at liberty to sentimentalise and dream as our several tastes might direct. Far away lay the old town of Cairo, with its fantastic minarets and gilded cupolas glittering in the sun, the broad, placid Nile bearing on its calm bosom many a picturesque craft with its queer rig and dark lateen sail. Close by us were the two lesser Pyramids, and the hideous old Sphinx glowered at our feet. Feathery palms broke the horizon on one side; on the other, the endless tract of sand wearied the eye with an oppressive sense of boundlessness. But as the sun was apparently concentrating all its rays on the exact twelve feet square we were resting upon, we thought the sooner we descended the better. This was not quite so fatiguing an operation as the ascent, though the endless jumping was rather wearisome with no assistance but

the same tight clasp on each wrist. When the height from one stone to another was unusually great, one of the Arabs went down first, and, quietly taking Nora in his arms, deposited her on the stone beneath, and she was far too weary to resist or resent the indignity; indeed, throughout, they treated her as a perfect child. In vain she adopted the manners of a woman of advanced age; they were either naturally or wilfully obtuse, and would not alter their behaviour.

And then we went to examine more closely the world-renowned Sphinx, the enigma propounder of the Libyan Desert. Alas! how rudely were my infantile visions of that wondrous being dispelled; shivered into a thousand atoms lay the image I had reared for myself. Two of the dearest dreams of my childhood had been to see the Sphinx of the Desert and the Forest of Fontainebleau. Nature never disappoints her votaries, and the forest far exceeded my highest hopes; but the Sphinx—no, I can find no term strong enough to express my dismay.



I approached the desert, with my head filled alternately with floating dreams of that face Alex. Smith describes as "still looking on with calm, eternal eyes;" and Eothen's enchanting description of "those sweet pouting lips which gave the law of loveliness to the world before the Greeks arose, and decreed that henceforth the short upper lip was to be everywhere the type of beauty." (I quote from memory.) Here was the ideal; what was the reality? A huge-square face, whose massive and protruding jaw could only be compared for strength and form to a lion's—a large chasm, where once may have stood a nose, and small, half-shut, peering eyes. Oh, how disgusted I was. I expected to be disappointed with the Pyramids which have been so vulgarised; but the Sphinx—it was too cruel; there was no redeeming point. I could only shut my eyes, and strive to forget it all as soon as possible, and determine that, should it ever be my lot to come here again, I would do so at mark midnight, when the faint rays of the lady moon, and my own yearning desire to restore

my idol to its place, may perhaps enable my imagination to raise again some faint shadow of the image I once delighted to worship. No devotee ever approached the shrine of his patron saint with more awe and veneration than I did—no startled day-dreamer ever woke to find his delusions more ruthlessly swept away, his visions more completely banished.

Some lonely little orchids were flowering under our feet, claiming irresistibly their meed of admiration, and the pleasure of gathering them gave the first hopeful sign of animation and returning interest in mundane affairs after the sobering shock of our great disappointment. So in subdued spirits, fatigued both in body and mind, we prepared to retrace our steps to Cairo.

Altogether we looked upon the ascent of the Pyramids as a melancholy failure, having frequently undertaken far more perilous expeditions amongst the rocks and crags of our native land entirely by ourselves. It is simply mechanical exertion, requiring neither tact, balance, nor steadiness of head—all

indispensable to climbing. The Arabs themselves are agile as cats, many of them volunteering to scale the Lesser Pyramid in five minutes for the sum of one shilling—a far more difficult undertaking than that of Cheops, owing to the unbroken surface of plaster it presents.

Our donkeys were fully alive to the difference of having their heads turned homewards, and quickly carried us to the shores of the Nile, where a general fight amongst the boatmen ensued for the favour of our patronage. Omar quietly borrowed Mr. Gria's stick, and applied it liberally about the heads and shoulders of the squabblers, speedily dispersing them. On arriving at the other side, as might have been foreseen, no carriage was visible, and as Omar was immediately despatched to bring some kind of conveyance, we were turned adrift in an extremely close and dirty bazaar. I produced my sketch-book and proceeded to draw some of the groups to it, and women and children crowded round us, uttering cries of astonishment on recognising each

other's figures. I can't say I much enjoyed such close contact; the children are a mass of flies and dirt, and ophthalmia in its worst form reigns rampant on most of them. The strange veil, connected with a hood over the head by a long-shaped piece of brass between the eyes, does not give a pleasing expression to the face, and the unvarying blue-black eyes grow tame after a while.

At last the welcome tramp of donkeys announced the return of Omar. The carriage was, of course, *non est*, and we were thankful, tired as we were, to mount our uncomfortable saddles again. These saddles consist of a small square of wood, covered with sheepskin. A hump rises in front, and is considerably in the way, not to mention the ancient state of the girths, which constantly give way, landing you suddenly in mud or dust, as the case may be. Another scene of fighting of course commenced, primarily quelled by Omar and his stick, and we reached the shelter of Sheppard's tolerably done up. We were much struck with the spicy character of the donkey-

boys' vocabulary. They pick up any piece of English wonderfully quickly, and each batch of young cadets and civilians passing through take a Young England delight in imparting to them the newest and choicest bit of slang then current. Thus you hear them recommending their donkeys as "bricks," and if you fear a tumble, they sing out "All serene!" This, from an unkempt little Egyptian, has a peculiar effect. They are one and all well up in "Yankee doodle" and "If I had a donkey."

The evening the front of the hotel presented a delightfully exciting scene from the crowds of donkey-boys fighting for notice, and the number of itinerant vendors striving to persuade us to buy their goods, chiefly consisting of folding-up paper lanterns, punkahs of various shapes, and coloured veils, all indispensable, they begged us, for the desert journey.

Before reaching Alexandria, every gentleman was manag'd to come out in a pugheree, a thick net of muslin twisted turban-wise round their wide-awakes, with two ends

carefully disposed to fall behind, partly for ornament, partly to keep the sun off the neck, the whole tastefully surmounted with a coloured veil to protect their eyes, for we now began to understand what an Eastern sun was like.

We had no time next morning to think if we felt tired from our unwonted exertions, for our batch of vans started at five A.M. A hurried candlelight breakfast, anything but genial, and then we were all packed according to previous arrangements. Again our sea-going friend showed his thoughtfulness for our comfort in procuring us each a delicious cup of hot coffee, which, in the shivering feeling induced by such early rising and the cool air, was very enjoyable. All the cadets are collectively placed under the charge of the senior officer on duty—not that he looks much after them, but still he has the power to forbid them from doing anything manifestly improper. He undertakes to see them through the day, we know not, but it must be an unpleasant task, and as we were returning to our hotel the night

before, we saw a van standing with five griffs, patiently beguiling the time by smoking, while they waited for a missing comrade, who, however, not coming up in time, they proceeded without him. If you lose your seat through carelessness in this way, the company are not responsible for your transit across the desert, and how such people manage I cannot say.

As you are probably two nights separated from any kind of baggage, it is important to have all necessities with you compressed into as small a compass as possible, and the difference of opinion on this subject between passengers and coachmen often leads to "terrific rows." I should guess the Jehus, being Egyptians, sometimes give themselves airs in the hope of "bucksheesh." Mr. Wallis, having a wife, nurse, and child to provide for, considered himself entitled to a good-sized leather bag, which the coachman declined to take. When Mr. Wallis declared that in the coach he strove to drag it out. This Jem Bull defied him to do. The coachman then said, till the obnoxious bag

was removed the van should not stir. J. B. instantly announced his perfect willingness to wait all day, and night, till at length, as usual, English obstinacy defeated Arab impetuosity, and coachee, fearing to be left too far behind by his comrades, drove off in a foaming fit of baffled rage.

The fates seemed combined against our making a clear start, for what with kicking horses, &c. we made little or no progress for



VAN IN THE DESERT.

an hour. Each van contains six persons, and is pulled by four animals, the lead horses — of a symmetrical light build, though very vicious; the wheelers, however, which on this day certainly were the worst part of the old proverb, "the worst of the pack." We thought ourselves very fortunate in starting so early as, besides the sunrise, to witness a grand sight.



we were anxious to see as much of the desert as possible, and with six pair of eyes, all keenly looking on, nothing could escape us; so no wonder we saw more than all the other travellers put together. Little scraps of mirage were constantly appearing, just like the glittering reflect of the sun on rippling water, with a vague hint of landscape behind. We distinguished some small antelopes bounding away, and distant cultures and wild dogs from the shadows of the camels and horses lying dead on the wayside.

The road is tolerably good across the desert, though fearfully monotonous, and we were thankful to reach the stations, at three of which a kind of nondescript meal is laid out, consisting chiefly of skinny birds, supposed to be chickens, but no larger than pigeons. A wonderful compound, popularly called camel-tew, with fly-sauce, and a very stinked-looking joint of cold meat, was graciously pointed out to us as the shank-bone of a camel. After all, however, one can make a very good meal. They always have excellent ham and biscuit, and often

good rice and curry. The worst of it is, the drinking water is so bad; it is brought from Cairo in skins and kept in tanks, so it becomes quite green and thick. There was no soda-water, and Nora and I, not having learnt to drink bitter beer, had no resource left but oranges, and were most thankful for a supply of them. Our thoughtful sea friend, however, is a poor Englishman's grave at the refreshment station; he died suddenly and was buried in the sand, with a few stones over him to keep off the wolves and birds of prey. What a melancholy resting-place!

But the longest day must have an end, and all weariness was dispelled in midlight at the first sight of the moon on the Red Sea, which we had ample time to admire, as we did not reach Suez till twelve at night. Crossing the desert is looked upon as a most infallible test of temper, that a gentleman who had been considerably smitten by a pretty girl on board, very sagaciously managed to get into their van for the transit, and next day informed me he was quite cured, as the

young lady's temper had been unequal to the trial. Pity it is more individuals do not follow my sage friend's example, and try some experiment of the sort ere taking the final plunge.

Morning at Suez found us and many other anxious inquirers wandering about in quest of some beloved box or favourite bag, apparently missing, for all the baggage, mails, and cargo of the station are collected as the files of camels come, and are piled in the open space of ground outside the wall; literally an acre of boxes; and as this is the only chance you have on the way of seeing all your luggage at once, and assuring yourself of its safety, many people by ocular demonstration to satisfy their minds on the point. It is no easy matter, however, to identify any particular box among a hundred others precisely similar, and you meet puzzled individuals gazing wildly about, and getting more hopelessly bewildered every moment, till at last they rush frantically away in desperation, feeling persuaded that *that* box has been left somewhere on the road, and the

company must be somehow responsible for the same. Many heartrending scenes were being enacted. Here a stifled shriek of despair announces that the top of a lady's bonnet-box has invaded the interior, and so adieu to Alexandrine's airiest compositions; there a manly voice, making remarks more expressive than polite, proclaims the fact that salt has penetrated his gun-case, and cost him his favourite rifle with rust. And so on, the advantages of travelling without a gentleman. The moment Nora and I appeared, we were overwhelmed with offers of assistance. "Here's a portmanteau of yours up here." "Here are two of your trunks." "Only tell me how many boxes you have, and I will soon find them all for you." "Miss Leslie, there's a deal case of yours coming unfastened, but I have ordered a man to nail it up." "I saw one of your bags in the office;" and so on, till with our own eyes we saw each precious package was safe; and this is always the case with ladies alone. Every gentleman feels bound to assist them; whereas, if you

have a gentleman with you, people look on grumpily, and never think of helping you; however much you may require it, because that would be aiding him, which they don't choose to do. It was melancholy to see some of the boxes quite battered to pieces and the contents falling out. It is impossible to have too strong trunks for the baggage. I must say our luggage consisted of a heterogeneous mixture of things, and I may just here remark that we paid the company the sum of 12*l*. for the over-weight of luggage; so let those who imagine they may travel as we did, please learn experience by our fate, and not by our time. We never thought of imposing any restriction; and you are now weighed three hundredweight each. Certainly we were taking a frightfully heavy rifle for Keith, expressly made to shoot elephants with, and our saddles weighed something considerable. I was delighted with the complexion and of the Suez Arabs; it is exactly the right depth for a picture; perhaps the men,

from being exposed to the sun, are too swarthy; and then they are so dirty, it is difficult to tell what they were originally, but the children are just perfection; their glowing, orange-tawny arms were so beautiful, that made us look quite wild disgust on our cold, unmeaning white faces. We peeped into an adjacent shop, and saw a whole set of bright-eyed fellows, dressed in fez caps, rocking to and fro in idleness, and chanting that monotonous strain, which seems their only mode of music. The hotel here is, perhaps, the dirtiest and most filthy, uncomfortable, worst arranged, and highest-priced place I ever saw. The proprietor would make a fortune out of it to no time, but then, I suppose, the stinking heat, flies, and ennui would kill most people in a year, so the man who stays must have some compensation. From all this discomfort we were glad to step on board the little steamer which was to convey us to the *Bengal*, then awaiting us four miles lower down. We were quite struck with the foreign ap-

pearance of the ship's officers, many of whom were listlessly looking over the side, watching our advent. They were all gaunt, yellow, hungry-looking men, with discontent legible on every face.

We did not discover the extent of our losses till fairly well on our way, when, diving into the hold for our extra leather bags, we found that many of them had been abstracted, many of our valuables and trappings departed for ever. But, for Nora's consolation on finding her trunk, packed containing a complete wardrobe, with rollers, boots, and such necessaries, of hair which she had laid down against the possible ravages of fever on her tresses. What could she do? It was a loss not to be spoken of to the masculine gender, who would never have viewed it in the paragon light it merited; so, in melancholy silence, she bore her bereavement; but, as she touchingly observed, "What use *will* my beautiful false hair be to those nasty Arabs? They can't wear it, and will just offer it for sale to the next set of passengers; and I

have a horrible conviction that my name was somehow mixed up with it."

But even this was not the worst; words cannot describe the mental horror I endured on first becoming aware of the absence of my Diary. I was, indeed, often been laughed at for being so silly, but with us two persons, I was in a boat with massive locks, the inside of which no one was permitted to behold; but, for all that, we persisted in retaining our precious diaries; and now this repository of all my choicest secrets was in possession of some unbeliever, whose profane hands might break open the lock, and expose it to the eyes of some Englishman, who perhaps might, for the fun of the thing, publish it! What a horrible idea! No wonder I flew on deck in despair, to communicate my loss to Nora, and would not be consoled by the offer of some gentlemen to recover the book at any price from the thieving Arabs, on condition they might read it first—a proposal I unhesitatingly rejected; and after enduring three days and nights of agony of mind on the subject, con-



ceive, if you can, my rejoicing to find that on changing our cabins a few days after coming on board, the precious book had been left in my old berth, and was restored to me intact, to be more carefully guarded than ever.

Our first night on board was one of unmitigated wretchedness, as I then awoke for the first time to a full consciousness of the "plagues of Oriental life." The *Bengal* was swarmed with cockroaches of enormous size, and in a filthy state of hunger and liveliness, appearing ready to attack anything. Scattered and slaughtered in the energetic chase that immediately commenced, but the more you killed the more numerous their companions became, till at length, despairing and fatigued, we sat down to contemplate our position. Mrs. de Vaux stood for two hours outside her cabin, deaf to the expostulations of her husband and the stewardess, positively refusing to re-enter it unless the body of THAT cockroach she had seen was brought out to her. I wonder Mr. de Vaux did not at

once find a cockroach (no difficult matter) to pacify her; but I suppose he considered it his duty to endeavour to teach her to fortify her mind against foolish fears, and all that sort of thing. The stewardess declared that taking on the cargo had disturbed the creatures, and made them restless; but they were perfectly harmless, and, in a day or two, would subside into their habitual quietude. And with this assurance we were fain to content ourselves, and take possession of a cabin, where, from every article you touched, out scuttled three or four great monsters, with their scaly legs quite making a rattling sound on the oilcloth, so active that it was almost impossible to catch them, and so hard that it was very difficult to kill them; a very determined rap with a shoe only made them lie still for a second or two, and then off they ran as lively as ever. The crowning point was placed on our grievances by Nora discovering, on lifting up her pillow, a snug party ensconced, only waiting the moment of darkness to run over her face. It was too cruel, under these

circumstances, to expect us to extinguish our light at half-past ten, and leave the cockroaches in undisturbed possession; for the quartermaster knocks at each cabin at that hour, with "Lights out, if you please, miss!" and, if you do not instantly comply, he has strict orders to come in and "douse the glim" himself. A threat which compels you to consign yourself to total darkness just as you see a whole army of moving black spots storming your counterpane. We had not felt the hardship of the "early closing movement" aboard the *Ara*, but now we determined to evade it by all the means in our power, and soon discovered that by keeping a box of matches in readiness, when the quartermaster left the saloon we could relight our lamp, and continue our defensive operations undisturbed. Habit lessens all marvels, they say, and certainly we got in a degree accustomed to the cockroaches; but my nerves were fortunately never tried by the presence of a rat—I feel convinced I should have committed some rash act. We of course heard fearful le-

gends of their doings in former voyages; how they ate off ladies' nails and eyebrows, and dragged their shoes into the saloon; and how a young lady, waking one night to find one curled up on her nose, sprang straight out of her berth, and ran shrieking the whole length of the ship, to the fore-cabin, from whence she never came back we never heard. I should judge it must have been rather a trying process. The heat now began to be something frightful, so much that the thermometer was high, but there was such an indescribable oppression and closeness in the atmosphere, it was suffocating; and yet it was called "cool weather." During the hot season, we were told, the ladies all sleep on deck, their cabins being fit for nothing but salamanders; and a curious effect it must have had to watch the ascent of the veiled beauties, arrayed in every imaginable variety of cloak and hood. The deck is divided down the centre by a sail, and mattresses laid all over; at a given signal, all profane gazers are ordered away, and the silent procession troops up, and each finds

THE TIMELY RETREAT; OR,

her resting place. At early dawn they again retire, to simmer slowly in their close cabins, till the deck's ablutions have been performed, and order restored for the day. Most of



MONSIEUR GRENIER.

the gentlemen spent their time in sleeping in various grotesque attitudes on deck, and the ladies seldom came out of their cabins.

but lay still, fanning themselves all day. They advised us to do the same; but we found the closeness down stairs unbearable, and much preferred the unconfined deck. One day, while in my cabin, Nora rushed in in such a breathless state of suppressed rage, as I have never seen her in before. She had just seen what had happened. She had taken for her own the ship's kitten in her arms, and found every one there, save one gentleman, who was sound asleep, in such a comfortable position, head well back, mouth open, and laid down over his eyes, that she felt impelled toward telling the cat upon him. Her indignation was too great to be restrained. The captain just then happened to be at the door of his cabin, she appeared to him by a look and movement of her hand; and as he seemed to nod, she stole behind the sleeping victim, and taking a good aim, sent poor pussy flying, who, not alighting on his face, fell a little off, and, what with the start of waking and the impetus of the blow, rolled the poor man, chair and all, over on the deck. She dared not wait to see what next befel, but darted

down to the security of her own cabin, and then, hearing the aggrieved man's voice in the saloon, we neither of us ventured to go out and face him so soon after the insult. He was wonderfully magnanimous, however, only prophesying that when we reached Calcutta he should be sending a signal vengeance on those people who always threaten that kind of thing. "But they are going to a place very good, very well and you do not."

We reached the unique spot, Aden, in the morning, but were advised not to land as there was nothing to see, and the heat was overpowering—blazing in its only term to describe it—so we sat patiently in deck all day, employed in sketching the town, the fine-looking hills, and watching the galleys on shore, who were running races on the beach, and getting some "night-tide" fish. Several returned on board very lame, the men on the slides being laid up with rheumatism. So on the whole we were rather glad we had remained quietly in the ship, though the operation of coaling is very dirty and tiresome, and we had to



ADEN.



take refuge on the skylights, from the "washing decks" it rendered necessary. Some gentlemen amused themselves with taking photographs of Aden; but we heard afterwards that was only a *ruse* to get pictures of ourselves and the ship's board, which we considered rather impertinent. I remember thinking they fixed their camera the wrong way for the job.

The sea after leaving Aden is a source of perpetual astonishment, covered during the day by flocks of pretty little fish, shoals of skip-jacks, and marquoins of the deep—and quantities of porpoises, which sometimes come up for a moment in bright light on the surface, and then sink, and are seen no more. The stars were reflected in long rays of pale light, as the moon is at home. The atmosphere is so clear you can distinguish most plainly the colour of the stars. We passed close to the Malabar low, tropical-looking range of coral and trees, just such as you see in pictures.

As we neared the shores of Ceylon, we all began to shiver, for the first sniff of cold air, and breeze, which poets

describe as being perpetually blown off that island; and while we were at dinner, some of the knowing ones had the decks and bulwarks rubbed over with a horrible kind of lemon-grass oil—a coarse, rancid sort of verbenascent oil—that each griff as he came on deck exclaimed, “*There is a devil, something!*” So overpowering was the scent was so overpowering that nearly all most of the ladies felt sick, and even if it was, there was no remedy for it.

Long rows of rocks, and the inverted cones of the water’s edge, were the only features that even-  
 ing, but morning, is early on shore, and the natives put into  
 various machines  
 in use, with the result to some  
 of the accredited  
 of course. The natives puzzled us, and no amount of conjecture could settle which  
 women; all appear to  
 wear the same dress, precisely, though I  
 hear there is a slight difference in their  
 which we could not discover. All  
 long

up with tortoiseshell combs. The Cingalese gentlemen are quite *au fait* at that mystery to our countrymen, viz., "back hair." Thanks to our powerful friend at court, a pleasure party had been organised to Wak Waller, a lovely spot some four miles inland, and the steward had orders to provide the party accordingly, with hampers, containing various delicacies and a bulky bundle of blankets and a rug. The road was a narrow track, flanked by trees, interspersed with open spaces where cool green patches of vegetation peeped through the dense foliage. The little streamlets were full of a swarm of fish, and the shade of the trees was a most agreeable acquaintance with tropical vegetation was quite startling.

After the arid, parched rocks of Aden and the many days' sea, it was most refreshing to our wearied eyes to drink in the glorious beauty of everything around: the luxuriant and astonishing variety of the foliage, the

fantastic shapes of the trees, and then the extraordinary profusion of flowers, their wonderful size and colouring—those rich, sleepy-looking, creamy blossoms, with their heavy Eastern fragrance, filling your senses into forgetfulness, and throwing your soul into the luxuriant atmosphere of an Oriental fairy tale; and then those deep, dark crimson cups, with their glowing centres, their dark, palpitating throats, that draw you at once to the heart of the flower. In these days, however, we are too busy to indulge in such dreams, but were we inclined to do so, it would be delightful to hear the low, sweet murmur with which people recognise a friend in the hedge, the rustling of the ferns, only fancy the *Adiantum tremula*, the petted darling of so many a lady's fernery, whose delicate fronds are with us so tender and transparent, spreading out large green leaves, looking quite vulgar in their rude health. Really I was fairly wearied out, and so much excitement before breakfast made your head ache, so we were fain to

leap back in silence and enjoy the beauty of the scene. Not long were we left in peace, however, for our spirit-steed positively objected to perform his duty any longer; and after vainly trying every kind of expostulation, we were compelled to alight and ascend on foot the steep path which leads to Wak-Wak. Truly, however, were we to reach it, we should never see the verandah. Most of the guests were weary, and we all did but a few trifling things, i.e., chatted, and drank, and ate, provided for us. Eating and drinking are no interruptions to romance; nevertheless, we were at liberty to admire the scenery, and to gaze on the past. The horizon was a line of many blue hills of every shade of blue, and near the eye wandered over a vast plain covered with interminable palm-trees. In the valley at our feet a blue river divided itself into many a silver stream, and wandered away into the silent forest; while close to us, under the feathery foliage of palms and date-trees, were seated a party of natives, who, scenting "bucksheesh" from

afar, had gathered round, and were sedulously devoting themselves to our amusement. Some offered for sale those bright-coloured stones expressly manufactured in Birmingham for the Ceylon trade; and others, stripping off the green leaf, proceeded to invent marvellous stars and ornaments out of the green shell, suspending them on pieces of grass, and about for our edification. The children most ingeniously constructed a boat, and came to the ship for the purpose of the children. They brought us also bunches of mangoes in their hard green coats: they were not half ripe, but they were very green. At length, one of the mangoes were reluctantly turned seaward. We were the last to depart, and were brought to a sudden stoppage by the felling of a huge tree and laid right across the road. Here was a catastrophe; otherwise there was none, and we were already late. At length the horse was unharnessed and tied over the tree, then we stepped over, and lastly the carriage, by the united efforts of Mr. Duncan,

coachee, and some apathetic-looking natives was safely deposited on the other side. Our journey was continually interrupted, for these horses have a bad habit of jibbing dreadfully; and whenever, in consequence, we came to a standstill, Mr. Duncan had to descend and turn the wheels round, while a powerful man on the horse's back administered to that animal to proceed.

We found, to our horror, on reaching the steamer, that we had far exceeded the appointed hour of departure. I had not the least idea we were to leave. Fortunately we had some people of consequence with us, or doubtless Nora and I would have been left behind. Those passengers, who had been in time, were naturally very angry with us for keeping them waiting so long, and nothing of the important details being relayed on their road. As soon as we were on deck, some people told us the Admiralty agent was dreadfully displeased with us, but we instantly turned the tables on him, by attacking him so unmercifully for having failed in his promise of joining us, that we

bewildered the little man to such an extent, we finally made him believe it was entirely his fault that he had been detained a moment. He looked so abashed afterwards, pacing the deck going so deeply over his misdeeds, that I could not resist making a sketch of him.



At Ceylon the purser laid in a goodly store of pines and plantains wherewith to stock our desserts, and these were hung in hanging clusters from the iron stanchions



by which the boats were suspended. Towards this Eden of forbidden fruit many a griff's longing eyes were turned. The cadets had their manly dignity to keep up, however, while we had nothing to do but amuse ourselves, and the discipline was really more than we could resist. After dropping a few hints as to our fondness for fruit in general, and plantains in particular, and boldly expressing our intention of stealing some if possible—things of which no one would take any notice—Nora determined to help herself from the purser's fruit-garden. So, choosing a time when nearly all the passengers were down stairs, and the moon not having risen, partly obscured by the decks, and calling to mind successful on-board raids of former days, she mounted the masts, stepped into the boat, and triumphantly seizing a handful of bananas, returned to the deck with her golden prize, to the intense bewilderment of the startled quartermaster, who was not quite sure, first, if she was canny, and secondly, whether he ought not to report her to the captain for

stealing and breach of discipline. How he settled the matter with his conscience I know not, but a few days afterwards a bunch of plantains was sent to our cabin for our private use, with the compliments of one of the ship's officers, who, I suppose, had once been fond of plantains himself, and turned us our daily temptation.

Our arrival at Madras was signalled in the same manner it had been at Aden, by an irruption of Congressists talking and gesticulating together. The heat was stifling, and we had no inducement to go on shore, having left our nominal chaperone at Ceylon. We determined, had the surf been very high, to go through it by way of excitement, but the day was so still it was not worth the trouble, so we contented ourselves with examining the different wares brought for sale. And first, the ices. I don't know how many vendors of that commodity beset the steamer, nor how many gorgeous coloured glasses of red, orange, and pink ice were carried about all day. The officer on watch exacted a kind of black mail, consisting of unlimited

ices, in consideration of allowing the men a stand on deck. I have no doubt it assisted in washing down the coal-dust. We heard the ice was very good, but did not venture on any ourselves. The officer on watch, being the youngest on board, swallowed so many, I felt sure his mother at home would have been alarmed at such indiscriminate indulgence. We contributed our little mite to make up for the mother's care he doubtlessly missed, by frequently bringing up raisins, figs, and such delicacies from dinner for his benefit. I am sorry to say he occasionally displayed considerable temper, in requiting our kindness by pitching the dainties overboard; but he was a well-disposed boy on the whole. The jugglers, so famed in Indian tales, played their parts well. They fried rice, multiplied balls endlessly, and performed several wonderful feats. They had a dried snake-skin which they assured us would come alive, and after blowing on it for some time the man produced a large, lively snake. Nora just saw it move, and shot down to her cabin, there to lie *perdue*.

despite our young friend the middy's offers of turning the men out of the ship.

I must refer again to those fearful cockroaches. On retiring to our cabins a nightly fight commenced. Tap, tap, went shoes energetically, but the enemy were too strong for us, and often have we been awakened by an alarming sensation of something crawling over our faces, a bony dash of the hand confirming the fearful suspicion that it was a cockroach. Our cabin being near the pantry, we were afflicted with an extra number of these horrors. The transparent character of the cabin partitions allows interesting scraps of conversations sometimes to be overheard; for instance, in a lady's voice: "George, I'm certain I heard something crawling." No response, George being in the land of Nod. "George," louder, "are you asleep? There's a cockroach. Oh, dear George, do get up and kill it." Some sleepy-toned remonstrance implies he'd rather not. "George, I'll never love you any more if you don't instantly look for that cockroach." And on no response being made to this terrific threat, a

sound of weeping and lamentation ensues of ever having left her dear mamma and her home for an unfeeling wretch who doesn't care if she is happy or miserable. By this time the original instigator of the matrimonial fracas, the offending cockroach, has marched off, leaving the unhappy George wide awake, and fully aroused to the necessity of consoling and soothing the delicate object of his affections while every griff within earshot is shaking with laughter, and longing to cry out "Encore!"

While at Madras we received letters sent to await us there, by the thoughtful kindness of a veteran Anglo-Indian of the old school, telling us what we were to do on arriving in Calcutta; and though personally unknown to any one there, it was a reviving feeling to think that people were expecting our arrival, and making preparations for it. After two or three tedious days up the Hooghly, the steamer anchored off the handsome houses and pleasure-grounds of Garden Reach, a suburb of Calcutta; and while we were gazing curiously on the shores of a

land that for a twelvemonth at least was to be our home, we found two gentlemen had come on board to fetch us; so, hastily taking leave of all our old friends on board, we prepared to land.

Reader, have you ever experienced that uncomfortable sensation, going to stay with people you have never seen or heard of before? for this was our unenviable plight. The family who were to have received us were unable to do so, owing to the unexpected illness of one of its members; and Mr. and Mrs. Norton, hearing of our expected arrival, with that prompt hospitality to be met with only in India, instantly offered their house for our reception; and though we had always been in the habit of looking on all Indians as one large brotherhood, it was with no slight feelings of trepidation we quitted the old *Bengal*, and, stepping into the carriage waiting for us, drove to Chowringhee.

Though now fairly landed in the East, we were far from being occupied by the flutter and agitation of our novel position.

to have time to consider what our first impressions of scenery and people were. It was late in the evening, and we emerged from the cool, dark night into the spacious portico, and looked into the brilliantly lighted hall of Mr. Norton's house, it seemed as though our stereotyped ideas of India were going to be fulfilled. Marble pillars and steps in the front, and a crowd of graceful, bowing, sable attendants, clustering together behind, it only wanted a tame tiger and an elephant in the distance to complete a legitimate picture of Indian life. Though a murmur ran through the swarthy crowd of "*Khana*," which was interpreted to us as meaning the *salubrious* at dinner, in a few seconds our congenial host, and pretty, delicate-looking hostess, were standing in the hall, doing their best to obviate our natural feelings of shyness, and welcome us to India. As it was late, and we were really tired, we soon retreated to our rooms, and the next day our first acquaintance was made with the *curtains* and Indian waiting-maids under the most

auspices. But Norton's head being a Portuguese, could speak English very well indeed. We took a careful survey of the rooms, thinking we should surely turn up a scorpion or two, to the great amusement of the Ayahs, who followed all our movements; but discovering nothing more alarming than a lizard, we consigned ourselves to peaceful slumbers till we were called at seven next morning by the Ayahs to take our cup of tea and bread-and-butter, and to know that a new phase of our lives had begun. On board the steamer we had been continually changing; each day there was something new and interesting; but here for the first day or two at least, everything was so unexpectedly well arranged, so perfectly quiet and orderly, so utterly strange, and, as a necessary consequence, so solitary and depressing, that it was by no means a pleasant termination of our journey. We kept our eyes up at all times, and with an ever increasing desire to return to the land. Very soon, however, we began to find out connecting



links with home, in the great chain of society round. Our veteran friend and first correspondent at Madras sent a telegraphic announcement of our arrival to Keita at Dhoorghur, more than nine hundred miles off, and brought us back an answer from him, waking up again our strong inducements to remain out one year in the country. Mrs. Norton's indefatigable kindness never failed, and things began to brighten up; still we were firm in our determination to hate India, and received the visits of one or two of our fellow-passengers with the distinguished *empressment* only bestowed at home on old and tried friends.

On making inquiries respecting our journey to Dhoorghur, we found the prospect looked rather formidable. You never saw such carriages, technically called *gharris*, holding two people, and so small that you could not see the carriage at all the way (unless you were down, and then it occurred), and so slow that you could not see at all the way. You could not see at all the way, but you could see your way for a mile.

Journey is a most serious undertaking, not to be hastily commenced, or lightly spoken of; and the awe with which we heard our contemplated proceedings considered, impressed us with a deep sense of its importance. The first thing to be arranged is, the day on which you may leave Calcutta. As the gharry-horses are of course limited, only a certain number of travellers can be allowed to start at a time. Keith was naturally anxious we should join him speedily; and on account of the daily increasing heat it was thought expedient for us to start with as little delay as possible; but really, had the interminable impediments thrown in the way by the director of the Calcutta Company, we would have thought it was reasonably suggested, in keeping us as long as possible in Calcutta. One day, when we were going down, there were seven or eight gharrys waiting for us; but the director would not allow us to have more than one, and we were obliged to give up the others. The director, however, had a large number of horses in

his district, and we must be patient till he had passed; then, fifteen young cadets, who arrived, were waiting to join their regiments, and must be forwarded with the smallest possible delay; and at least eleven young ladies besides ourselves had to be sent up, under the escort of their several Ayahs, to the various residences of their anxiously expectant friends. "But next Thursday week—yes, perhaps, on Thursday week we could not proceed, but we should have the first refusal of that day's dak, and should hear further from him on the subject; and, as he inexorably refused to name an earlier day, we were fain to content ourselves by enjoying Calcutta in the meanwhile.

Society in any of our civilised towns must be much alike all the world over, and visiting and shopping, in the evening, till at two o'clock, the bell rings for the night, when the sets of the day are put away, and the night sets are put on. The bell, which is not so loud as the bell of an English town, and which shows Calcutta in a more peaceful and more dazzling white.

mansions would be princely residences in England; its well-watered roads, and beautifully laid-out squares, could hardly be surpassed at home. The nightly scene on the Course is very striking in some respects, in others very like home. Gentlemen on splendid Arabs are bounding beside carriages in which recline languid beauties with the newest possible Paris bonnets on; pretty pale children grieve for their riding in fancy equipages; graceful girls, richly dressed, the very same that you saw a month or two ago in Rotterdam. Half shutting my eyes, I often fancied myself in the Park again; only here all the chadras are lying back sound asleep, exhausted with the heat; all the ladies look pale and weary, and the gentlemen tired and melancholy. Instead of the pleasure-boats of the Seine, here you see here large boats crowded close to the banks. One peculiarity, however is, that the banks are some distance from the water, and you can step off the promenade at any point to the largest water garden in the world. These are quite as picturesque as the gardens as I air



of alarming the spirited little Arab, so this one great Eastern feature is totally wanting.

Everything is on a grand scale, and the marks of wealth are profusely lavished around; but though people open their houses in a style of princely hospitality, still I should think that the new comer, whose heartstrings are still vibrating with the recollection of an Eastern life, the glare and glitter, the tedious and unvarying rules of society, must be positively hateful. It must be very difficult, and necessarily confined, not to avoid falling into a kind of local prejudice, and no doubt nearly every one who lays itself open to the influence of such incomprehensible things, as the religion of Agra-India is the mark of. I remember once being thrown in a great degree upon the natives, and for a long time of course, a large number of them were enabled to do so. I was, however, very much surprised to find that the natives were not so much as I had been told. I was, however, very much surprised to find that the natives were not so much as I had been told.

by the breathless interest with which I appeared to listen to him, but the strain on my faculties was so great, I did not recover the fatigue for a week. With something of the same bewildered sensation did I now every morning sit listening to the cream of Calcutta hopes and fears, gossip and fun, and every instant more and more hopelessly confused, every moment more helplessly overpowered. It was then a ray of intelligence seemed to dawn on my bewildered brain, the next sentence was sure to crush down the presumptuous idea till I really often thought another half hour would infallibly make me incapable of the arrangement of time with my pen. The dramatic part of these things I can never hope to render in English, but I may venture to give English readers some faint idea of what I underwent in attempting to follow dialogue.

"So,"

Judicial.

So he is

know——" "What is Stevens doing in Calcutta?" "Don't you know? He is to be Deputy-Assistant Advocate-General."

"Why, I thought Jones was promised that."

"Yes, but he's gone into the Commissariat."

"Ah! they always manage to make that do. Did you hear they had offered the Salt Chokees to Brooks?" "Well, he won't

take it, will he, after they behaved so badly to him about those Omrahs?" "I don't

know how that may be settled, but I know he must move, as Saunders is to be Superintendent of the Abkaree Revenue."

"You don't say so! Then what's Brown to do?"

"Oh, he's been offered the Twenty-four Pergunnahs. You don't mean that!

Why, what can the Government be thinking about?" "Ah! you may well say so. Talk

of the right man in the right place indeed!"

Enter Jones, to whom the news is repeated.

"Yes, I like it. As much pleased I

was as if I had been promoted. That's

the way to get on. I shall go to the Go-

vernment and see what I can do. Enter

Brown, who is surprised and replies:



"No; the fact is, I just told Government they might as well appoint my Khitmutghar, for anything I knew about the duties of the office." "Then what are you going to do?" "Why, I hear Dean's going home, and I have some promise of being Chief Sessions Judge in his place; and then, you know, that's a kind of step into the Sudder-daw-lut." "Into the Sudder?" An ominous silence ensues. Perhaps some of those present have had an eye in that direction for themselves or friends, for the pause is broken by a burst of indifferent topics, and the visitors depart.

What between "Civil shop" and "Military" ditto, one might almost learn a new language altogether, that like itself conversant with Anglo-Indian technicalities. Doubtless the spirited interchange of sentiments on the various points of different degrees of gradation, from the rapid to the old hands, is not without its own bland influence. While we eat and drink, and talk of Rotten-row and the late Governor, the

pared notes on the Princess's and the Opera, evidently thinking life too short to be wasted on such small ends; while we were in turn baffled and awe-struck when they recommended their interminable "shop." We found two opportunities of seeing the fashion of Calcutta in ball dress, and in fancy dress at a splendid ball given by Lady C.; but with the exception of punkas and thermantides (a singular contrivance with wheels for creating a draught of air), all was precisely like a very good ball at home. Punkas do not strike you much in a ball-room, but as a church when there are one or three dozen flat, white bear-skins hanging down on to them, all being jerked suddenly over your head at once, and all over a time of day, the most serious-minded attendant will refrain from feeling even a little tired and sleepy afterwards. The coolies would only pull the parasol away just for a moment if you did not constantly direct comfort to your eyes, and were so universally persistent in pulling them the contrary. There's a

...in the evening, among its fellow  
...less eyes, how how tiresome  
...to service under the ...  
...clergyman could not listen  
...was saying because I was ...  
...his remembering a ...  
...congregation were quite ...  
...to be seen save that sea ... moving  
...punches, waving about all around, entirely  
...hiding him from sight one moment, and the  
...next showing shilling glimpses and dis-  
...solving views. I never heard so fatiguing a  
...sermon.

The most disagreeable part of your  
life is the state of ... in which  
live. Your ... are in-  
stantly known to the whole world, and  
highly embellished tales of all you say and  
do fly round the community like wildfire, of  
course gathering ... say  
the native servants  
for the ... of  
... of mischief.

which grows out of the feelings of the people, and is told by a friend of mine, who has been in the country for some time, and has seen the people in the streets, and has brought them to the use of the word, "sobering down," when you are sobered. They are perfectly well acquainted with the notion of returning home in a year's time, and all laughed most openly at the apparent absurdity of the idea, offering to take any amount of tea with us on the subject. They little knew the iron wills of the people they were speaking to; every one, however, thought we had done a very good thing in coming out, making a pleasant trip of so long a voyage, and told us that our determination of facing all the unknown dangers of a dark journey was, to say the least, "very plucky." All people who have never been to the Mofussil look on the natives with great respect, and some admiration. The days slipped away; the evening came, and we sat with the natives, and after that, when

between the two, but not exerting  
the least influence on the hero, and  
therefore not appearing, a new  
plan was suggested, which of  
course was adopted, with all  
its consequences. The plan was of some  
mysterious nature, and was  
Each day additional preparations were made  
for our embarkation: we had only passive instru-  
ments. Mr. Norton consulted some of her  
friends, and daily received new suggestions  
of something absolutely indispensable. It  
was like victualing for a siege: Guava  
jelly and marmalade, a number of biscuits,  
tea, preserved meats, soups, sweet  
syrops, wine, or any other beverage you  
drink. We stipulated for an endless supply  
of coloured railway literature, yet with all  
this preparation, it was only the night before  
we started that our old ally, Mr. Duncan,  
sent us a large supply of knives and spoons,  
and forks, all invaluable comforts on the  
road, and which had been till then forgotten.  
An Ayah, of superior credentials, had  
been engaged to accompany us; she claimed

twenty rupees, and a very large sum in the case of being able to send a child only words, "I ever am your father's child." But, finally, the Government of India, in a most wise manner, has not only allowed a certain quantity of baggage to a dak gharry, after selecting those articles you cannot do without, but you add a sack of rice to the baggage, and consign it to the tender mercies of an agent to be forwarded by that slowest of all slow movements, the dak lock-train; and if you are singular enough, you *may* see it again in six weeks or two months, at the earliest. But so many and so unaccountable are the delays which befall these unhappy gains, that an interval of six months between despatching and receiving a box is not at all so quick travelling, and many persons expectants of Paris millinery, and especially waiting the whole year for the appearance of the bonnet, hasten to elect the station, and waiting anxiously to

ever, notwithstanding the fact that for information the British Government has been peculiarly anxious to obtain, the contents are of course somewhat discoloured, and having perhaps been long lying up on the river on the road to Calcutta, there was, to have totally eclipsed any interest which the heart of even an explorer of the place, is reduced to a mere mass of rubbish. The ladies and gentlemen expecting saddlery and crockery were often find their tempers equally affected by its total destruction. In fact, even in India calls more deeply on that very large stock of patience which, it is to be hoped, every one who lands on these shores has laid in, or woe be it to him.

At length our dak was announced as "Mad," and as it seemed impossible that any one could suggest anything more to be procured in the way of stores, we prepared to leave our hospitable friends, and take a final plunge into the unknown land before us. Our last night in Calcutta was spent at

...in time to  
change our ...  
...to our long ...  
the first hundred ...  
were to be per ...  
Norton accompanied ...  
station, which, being ...  
the other side ...  
"west end" of ...  
you have ...  
to cross ...  
stream," so celebrated ...  
rapid, peculiarly dirty ...  
tampering-looking ...  
We were told we  
left "blue water" behind on entering the  
... is more the colour  
and consistency of pea soup than anything  
else. The railroad is only open as far as  
Raneegunge where our charlie was in wait-  
ing. Although ...  
but the country we passed through was new  
enough, dotted over with many strange-  
looking native villages, swarming with little  
black children, strongly reminding us of the  
... Hindoo idols at home.





The natives

We all took tea at the house that  
looked like a looking glass. When Mr.  
Boyle passed our carriage he  
gladly  
came  
was  
vehicle with  
many night.





to stop at some place the next morning during the day, and the bungalows were merely for the night.

**ANSWER**

100-443887-100

\_\_\_\_\_

Without any  
of the

**Abstract**

[illegible]

on.

Commerce Department  
 Department of the Interior

...revealed a serious tendency in the

stated; for, in sending the Ayah to ask for some towels, she came back, saying there

What a fortune! Our

English ideas have been spreading, providing towels and blankets for the thousands who think of travelling with them. But our Calcutta friends, who have never been properly introduced to the



[illegible]

the creature would  
some moments,  
round to take a  
the back of the  
specta  
out,  
times, and  
dragging  
over. It  
dragging  
was once  
the next  
the last,  
full gallop,  
then yield  
who went  
manœuvres.  
VOL. I.







tract of deep sleep, even when pushed by men, and we could not manage it at all.

No more chance of sleep that night; and very early next morning we were positively awakened on our backs, getting into the bed, where the wheel was too much for us, and we were

awakened by the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.

The sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.

The sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.

The sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.

The sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.

The sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.

The sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.

The sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.

The sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel, and the sound of the wheel.



lawn, careering round the room as hard as it could tear. The Kilt, pointing at it, said significantly, "Curry." We all laughed heartily, but, tired as we were of moonlight, we could not fancy devouring that poor grey rabbit; so, shaking our heads, the Kilt marched off with a flourish, and left us, tired to our roots.

The boats were now pressing forward  
 rapidly, and the boatsmen were  
 even more anxious to get on their way  
 and were being urged on by the  
 Khits, who were now shouting if  
 they saw any signs of life. At length  
 at last we came to the end of the trip,  
 so we concluded rather to go on  
 were decided to pass the night and  
 the Khit coming on board and saying  
 that it would be better to have two  
 Chawkedam (water carriers) of Dacotta.  
 Acting on this advice the Khit men  
 began to load the boats, and framing  
 the loading of our boats a most remark-  
 able sound! the boatsmen were





needed to be in the same and similar  
occurrence, obliged to be always  
and afterward of other  
went regularly to bed and  
comfortably in their gharries,  
compelled to be always dressed  
for a long time. That same  
circumstance was given us  
large skin,  
not look soiled.  
white muslin.  
band about  
able to come, and  
for rest at night.  
large of these  
comfort.  
fell into  
much  
restless  
our two  
heavily on





...and spring from  
...He would  
...andah to cool his  
...of a cigar; while  
...internally over the  
...had taken out of the fiery

...of an hour's  
...Kungah  
...are  
...when they  
...they gave the  
...for general  
...which  
...of  
...of a  
...at  
...who  
...effect  
...guarding  
...figure  
...an-  
...succeeding  
...ending,  
...at they  
...quite serene."

"all the better," a grandy person said, with a facetious remark. People may take up as they please in these matters. The Government gave a rupee per diem to Government servants. For any period under three months, the Government usually made its appearance in the evening, when the Khis brought the tea for tea, as before starting with tea and biscuit.

These two youths were in a difficult position, for when they had learnt the names of everything in common use, the only words impressed on our companion's memory were "Arg" (light)—a word which was always wondered at by the native because of the cinder means of which the fragrant wood was brought (bring)—and whenever the word was used for coming.

I sometimes wondered how I could have known him at all.

Mr. Merton was to leave us, and his destiny, represented by the commanding regiment, pointed another way. He was quite sorry to part with so good a companion, so perfectly gentlemanly a director. Mr. Sandford was to remain with us, and, before leaving, Mr. Sandford took the opportunity, and read his paper on the onerous nature of the undertaking. Mr. Merton expressed his regret that he was the charge of one so much as he had been lately on his shoulders; how the burden was devolved on Mr. Sandford, who emphatically warned, to eschew smoking and beer, to retain the excellent qualities of those articles, and to preserve the watchful wakefulness necessary to guide our glances through the maze of the unknown. All this, and more, was repeatedly repeated to us by Mr. Sandford, with the full transparency of his mind, and he was obliging him to impart to us the knowledge that was con-

municated to him. Both the men had all the stuff in them necessary for good soldiers; but I much preferred them over alter that buoyant light-heartedness that led them, when with us, to look at us as *conquerors* as a fresh piece of

The peaceful country we got to soon lay up, where there was light enough to see anything, was not prepossessing, being marked by long tracks of dry, white dust as far as the eye could reach, without the slightest variation to break the monotony of the scene; but when we passed through the villages before the inhabitants had time to rest, the glimpses we got were picturesque in the extreme—groups of weird, impish-looking figures seated round their fires, cooking and smoking; those who wished to sleep stretched on their sharp-ends in the open air, with a swarm of little, naked, bronze children, all merry and laughing, and one or two representing corporations who might compete with any alderman. Why all native children, even the merest babies, were of an extraordinary appearance I do not know. Some



BENARES.

saying that mothers tie a string round their babies and hold them till at breakfast at any rate, the fact is universal. Native children seem very much coaxed and coddled by their seniors; and I am sure that a very green John Bull, who is represented as being so astonished at hearing foreign babies crying quite naturally just like English ones, instead of screaming in French, could not have been more amazed when I was to see a gaunt, black-bearded man dandling a two years child on his hip and amusing it with the very same grimaces and grimaces that have

charmed and soothed our nursery children ever since we have had nurseries. I will suppose it shows how necessary it is, or they would not be in such abundance.

Sometimes when passing a crowd of wild Indians were to be seen, some of them, hidden in the bushes, shouting, and laughing, and making gestures, and strange garrulous remarks. These savages, however, reminded me of the pictures of Pandemonium.

We sometimes overtook long trains of pack-locks, which were crawling lazily along, raising dust enough to choke even when they met: no wonder they take a year to get up country if they always walk at that pace.

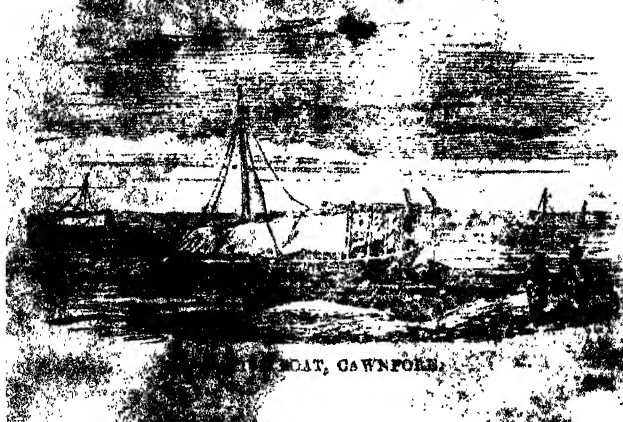
Whenever a train appeared in sight, our coachman extracted some very wheezy notes from a battered horn, to warn the drivers to keep on one side; but as the men were generally asleep—and when awake the Lillooets were very difficult to manage—I often expected, as we came tramping along at full speed, that our light carriage would come in collision with one of these enormous vehicles.

which gave it would infallibly have been smothered.

I was then to lie looking out into the night as we were being rapidly whirled along, and think how easy it might be to be anywhere, and how no one—a bit the wiser by six months of research—would fail to find me wherever I was. My anxious friends at home, of course, would be relieved by these uneasy thoughts, but they would be dispelled by the mere sight of that mass of revolvers resting at the bottom of the gharry, or even by the neighbourhood of that gallant youth who was quietly slumbering in the carriage beside me. And yet I have often heard of young girls just arrived from England, put into one of these gharries, with a body-guard of one Ayah, and expected in about a month's time to turn up somewhere in the Punjab, a distance of sixteen hundred miles. Incredible as it may sound at home, they do seem to arrive somehow in safety. Up to this time all our adventures had been of a fun, good



health and spirits had carried us through everything happily, but the first touch of illness brought forcibly before us the terrible helplessness and loneliness. From my inability to sleep, excitement, and undisturbed thoughts, I never seemed to myself at all, and this, added to the fearful grief, was not to be compared with the before the death of my daughter, who kept us, or some of us, gave me a smart knock of fever, and coming on as we left Cawnpore, but I would not give in, and by



THE BOAT, CAWNPORE.

the time day dawned I was fast becoming worse, and Nora terribly frightened. As was natural at the first moment of alarm, all the awful tales of the sudden deaths of India we had heard of, to the effect that the victim was too ill to speak; totally unable to get help from all hands; help, which was not sent, as the bathing men, temples were closed, and no one for aid, where none seemed to be.

It was then that we were informed that a gharry approach was making, and we hoped that all we sought the driver might be able to give us some directions. The stranger gharry drew up a short distance from us, and she jumped out without any covering over her head, and put one shoe on, so fearful was she of losing this chance of information. No doubt she told her tale in a pitiable state of suppressed grief and agitation; but the travellers, being half-castes, with the usual apathy of their class only uttered a few words signifying that the bungalow was not far off, and there was no European Station

near. Half-maddened, she returned to renew her entreaties to the driver to proceed faster, Mr. Sandford adding a more substantial bribe in the shape of a bribe, and a promise to take her to the bungalow, and to the fact that she was already there. Nora pencil in her eye the explanation of her state, and the fact that the assistance was provided for her, and on the small amount of money she was already in possession of. As the driver was already in the room, the quiet and unexcused room was better than the jolting charrie and burning sun. The driver answered the note in person—a subdued-looking individual, somewhat, and who seemed to pity us in his way. While they were deliberating what to do, Mr. Sandford drove up. On the charrie increasing its speed, he had pulled behind, and shortly had landed into a ditch, overturning Mr. Sandford and all his belongings. I can fancy the flood of water from the grate young man poured on the poor driver. As we had no quinine to give him, the stranger suggested sending

for a native doctor. These men are educated in Calcutta, and work the hospitals there; they are then generally affixed to native regiments. I was very much interested in the source, he was called to the aid of. Just as he was about to leave, the Captain Dean arrived, and was immediately accosted by Sandford, who showed him a sketch of the patient, and then, in a standing recognition of the doctor, saying he knew him well. The man, having been attached to his regiment, had often attended his children.

But I leave it to my readers' imagination to picture, if they can, the scene. I was lying, barely conscious, in a burning fever, and under a succession of appearances, my hair having all been let down to allow my head to be more easily wetted; Nora standing by me, alternately crying bitterly and laying wet handkerchiefs on my forehead; the Ayah, crouching at my feet, murmuring incessantly, "My darling child," a turbaned individual, with dusky hands, feeling my

pulse; Captain Dean interpreting, and Mr. Sandford leaning, awe-struck against the door, while I was left alone, and yet not without the aid of the stranger we had met, who was busy arranging a bed for me, and understanding nothing of the nature of my complaint, was supplied with a bottle of "quinine," which, "positively" inducing a mortal horror of the word, when upon the medico fell back upon a quinine, of which, we fortunately, had a good supply, and this simple remedy constantly administered, combined with perfect quiet, revived me considerably. The Calcutta bungalow seemed provided that day, for during my former consultation, a lady of a palkee arrived. There was a great boon to us, as she could speak the language, and, with the ready kindness of an Anglo-Indian, installed herself by my bedside as a nurse. But we were forbidden to think of sleeping that night, as any fatigue would have induced the fever. It was Sunday, and we could get no help contrasting our posi-

tion with that of our friends at home, and feeling what a mercy it was that we could not see the state of preparation we were in. Very long but not very painful, I doubt it would have been, but it was so infinitely so, and so infinitely so, that we were able to get into the room, and to get air and exercise, and for the first time all the importance of preparing for the night. He borrowed one of our pistols, and, as a means of inspiring a salutary awe in the minds of those around, loaded it, then stole behind the outhouse, where they were in full enjoyment of the evening hookah and gossip, and at the moment when their mirth was heightened off all six barrels. That silence fell on the group, each feeling certain he was a dead man, till some more courageous ones venturing to move, and finding they could do so still, the rest took heart, and carefully felt themselves all over. The important pistol was again loaded, and Mr. Sandford then took possession of the room

next ours, ordered a supply of snuff, and, holding his drawn sword in one hand and the loaded pistol in the other, he kept us all night awake all night. Next morning he ordered him to lay the pistol on the wall, certain he would be fired at the wall in his sleep. He then retired, and was comfortable for the night, notwithstanding the gambols of some lively lizards on the walls admitted.

Next morning he found me free from fever, though rather weak, but perfectly equal to continue my journey that night. Captain Dean had taken his departure the evening before, promising to send an telegraphic message from Calcutta to Rangoon, begging me, if possible, to come and meet him. Pre-occupied by starting, however, he bestowed a serious exhortation on Mr. Sandford (every one seemed to think it necessary to give him a lesson), which that ingenuous youth took the earliest opportunity of imparting to us, the night following, after some highly complimentary personal observations on us, that

"Mr. Sandford was to look to himself, as his Captain (Dean) could plainly see we were never meant to marry ensigus." Mr. Sandford often chuckled and rubbed his hands, just as if it gave him a sense of accession of importance, in his position at least to be supposed capable of giving in need of such a warning. He had passed over without any adventures, the loss of a pith helmet, in which Mr. Sandford had invested the day before, which rolled out of the carriage while its owner was asleep. Things are often dropped out in this way if you are not careful, as it is too hot to keep the doors shut; indeed, we heard of a lady who nearly lost her baby in the same way. Waking up one night, she missed it, and ran frantically up the road looking for it; fortunately it was found about a mile behind, quite unhurt, having fallen on a thick soft bed of dust, and providentially no jackals or wild dogs had come near it. Babies in India seem often to have narrow escapes, for some friends of ours,



till he disappeared altogether. The man then deliberately turned round and galloped after us, leaving us to do what we could, which was not much. I pulled the cushions out of the fallen gharries and made a couch for Nora of the cushions and there we were left, Nora, myself, and the Ayah, sitting for two mortal hours by the roadside, waiting for the last hours of the declining day, and wondering what amount of trouble there might be in all the long journey we had heard of tigers, snakes, and bandits. We had not then learnt to dread the night dews as even more formidable than these open enemies, nor did it strike either of us that the doctor had been giving Nora calomel the day before, and, consequently, exposure even to the hot night air was very dangerous for her; and, in fact, she caught a cold that night, the bad consequences of which she felt some time after; so, on the whole, I much preferred the simple remedy prescribed by my sable physician. The enemy made its appearance, but the solitude was un-

Markandazes (native police),  
the prostrate gharrie,  
giving them a  
valuable account of the fortune, poor Mr.  
Sanford drove in a breathless state of  
agitation. His horse had bolted, and could  
not be stopped for six miles; and when at  
length it was pulled up, and our panting  
coachman tried to recall, he could only  
report that some accident  
must have happened, and hurriedly ex-  
pecting all the way to find one  
killed. On his arrival he hardly  
ask what was the extent of the injury re-  
ceived; he must have been agreed to be re-  
lieved to find us, as little hurt now,  
as it was necessary for us to proceed at once, and make up for lost time, we  
took possession of his carriage, while he  
mounted on the top; and, leaving the Ayah  
to look after all our property in the fallen  
carriage, we once more commenced our  
weary journey. How long we proceeded  
I know not, but the carriage stopped sud-  
denly, the door was opened hastily,



"I shall never meet." He was a rough-  
 shaven man, could be easily polished; and  
 while he was looking towards his own  
 station, he was all the time up to the blissful  
 consciousness that his long and toilsome  
 journey would soon be over, and the relief  
 and delight which would follow after all our misfor-  
 tunes and adventures. We returned ourselves  
 to the guidance and protection of our brother,  
 who began to show himself not desirous.  
 Keith took his sword, and that in looking  
 for us, he had stopped at the house of  
 Garrie that passed by the same way.  
 His Chupratsee had been sent out to call up  
 every traveller by indicating the way to the  
 Sahibs, who were thus enabled to find us at  
 last.

I have been thus criticised, the risk of being thought prosy in describing all the details of a dak journey, because if railroads continue progressing at the present rate, dak travelling for such long distances will soon belong as much to the fables of the past as posting upon a horse. The expenses of the journey are about Rs 250

rupees (3s. 6d.) for the gharry. Then every coachman drives you a distance of about sixty miles, and receives a bucksheesh, varying from eight annas to a rupee. Our daily expenses for two were about four rupees, but there were innumerable claims for bucksheesh from Bheesties, Punkah-wallahs, &c., so Mr. Sandford generally put twenty rupees at a time into his pocket, and paid everything, and when that was finished everybody paid him his share, and he began again with twenty more, as being the simplest way of keeping accounts.

The first few days of our life at Dhoorghur were unparalleled for dulness and gloom. We reached it on a fine morning at six o'clock, having been ten days and nights on the road, and were as tired and weary enough as were. Kesh led us at once to our side of the house, and left us to refresh ourselves preparatory to breakfast. Lutchmie, the Ayah, being still absent in charge of the boxes, a low-caste woman was temporarily called in, who was boring every time we looked at her, and she would ha-

Keith was obliged to go to the chowry (court-house) directly breakfast was over, and we were left to follow our own devices till seven o'clock; as it was then only ten, we did not much admire the prospect. We wandered through the silent rooms, dimly lighted and almost unfurnished—bare, whitewashed walls, no curtains, and the wooden rafters above looking like a barn—and wondered if all our days were to be equally dreary. A bachelor's residence certainly presents no contrivances for killing time.

Keith's bookcase was filled with law commentaries and various other works, and the Waverley Novels, which were discovered, were hailed with rapture, and carried off in triumph to our own room. As we retreated, to be out of the way of the numberless tall figures gliding about to have a look at the new Miss Jackson.

A welcome diversion took place in the middle of the day by the arrival of our boxes and trunks, which we unpacked with enthusiasm, and then proceeded to arrange

our wardrobes on a scale of neatness never had presented before nor have since. Luckily, Keith came in earlier than we expected, or I think we should have been forced to quarrel by way of variety, and summoned us to see the horses he was training for our carriage, going round the compound in the break. They were pronounced satisfactory, and we were informed we might shortly have our evening drive—a delightful relief after a day of confinement. Keith brought a perfect menagerie of dogs, with all of whom we had to make acquaintance. Some of them positively refused to receive our friendly advances, growling defiance at us, as base flatterers of their master's attention, and would not overlook them; and all were tardy in being convinced that we were not some new breed of man introduced for their special edification in the threatening manner the introduction of us was rather alarming. It gave us some slight idea of the quietude Keith's household were accustomed to, that his dogs had apparently never seen the phenomenon of a foreigner in English attire.

The evening passed quickly away in talking over home affairs; and the next day being Sunday, K. was at liberty to stay with us, and we did not feel inclined to appear at church, knowing that strangers in India must undergo a tolerably strict scrutiny. Monday saw us fairly started on the sea of Indian life, receiving visitors, &c.

Our first two or three days in the large, old house at Dhoorghur were anything but enlivening, especially before we got settled to our various employments; indeed, the whole house, with its closed windows, from which all light was carefully excluded, and its long rows of pillars and arches, had a kind of Castle of Otranto look, and the utter impossibility of moving out of it all day made us fancy ourselves prisoners in an enchanted palace, under the influence of some magic spell—an illusion increased by the complete silence that reigned around, unbroken save by the ceaseless creaking of the punkah, while ghostly forms, with swarthy faces and white raiment, were continually gliding about, apparent in the gloom.



I never could understand why these servants passed in and out of the room so often; my private belief is they kept up a constant espionage over us, the results of which were retailed to our friends' servants over the evening hookah. But the uncomfortable feeling of "eyes" everywhere was not pleasant; you might look up any moment, and catch them peering in under the half screen suspended in the doorways, and then a suppressed titter ran through an anteroom, giving a sensation of unlimited numbers. We used to feel thankful when tiffin was announced by a meek-looking Shitnutghar, with folded hands and bent head, as it gave us some occupation, and, by good management, might be extended to an hour.

Though our servants pretended not to comprehend our mother tongue, we were afterwards convinced in many ways that their ignorance was in some degree assumed, as when Nora and I spoke to each other in French they invariably quitted the room.

It is nearly impossible to escape for one

moment from the prying black eyes and stealthy movements of these numerous attendants. In the public rooms they are always walking noiselessly in and out, and startling you by placing a note in your hands, and addressing you, when you believe the room vacant. If we attempted to escape into our own rooms, it was worse still, for, however quietly you walked in, some unseen intelligence was instantly conveyed to the Ayahs, and in a few moments their white garments appeared in the verandah, and they came trooping in from all sides. At first this was an intolerable nuisance; we had no less than three always haunting us. First, that very superior woman (in her own estimation), Lutchmie, who had been entrusted with the charge of our precious selves up from Calcutta; but, as her wages were double that of any other servant in the north-west, my brother begged she might be returned to her native city as quickly as possible, before she stirred up a rebellion in his house. She was only waiting a good opportunity of going down coun-

try. The second woman (also Mussalmanee), who was to replace her, was a quiet, dignified person, with the remains of some beauty. She never appeared to do any conceivable thing, except arrange the drapery of her sarree in graceful folds, and hand things to us brought by the under-woman, who was an active, clever little creature, frightfully ugly, of a very low caste, who did all the work of our rooms. While we were dressing, these three women always sat in a row on the floor behind us, with their six big eyes following our every movement, and whispering comments on everything we did. Reflected in the glass before me, I could always see these three black faces thrown into striking relief by their white draperies, gazing with unflinching astonishment at us. Sometimes the effect was so absurd that we could not help laughing. I remember the cushions or whiskers on which we rolled our hair were a source of perpetual astonishment and amazement to them. Letting down your hair was always a signal for a series of energetic nudges; and when

the marvellous cushions appeared all showed their white teeth and shining eyes in concert. My politeness restrained me from making use of the only Hindoo word I knew relating to the subject, it being equivalent to "Get away with you!" so we were then compelled to submit, duly to the martyrdom with a good grace. All the day, on feelingly lamenting our miseries, a lady, she called our various attendants in, and explained to them "that it was very rude to stare at people dressing, and in future they were always to sit outside the door till they were called," and the relief and comfort to us were inexpressible.

And now for an account of our first introduction to Dhooorgluar society. We went to make our *début* at a dinner party given by the Commissioner, under the most favourable auspices as far as patronage went, but poor Nora was anything but happy in her mind at the time, having caught cold during that little episode by the wayside on our journey up. She felt her complexion was not satisfactory, so at last took to her bed,

and vowed she would not go at all. However, my persuasions, combined with some curiosity to inspect the society we were cast amongst, gained the day; and behold us fully equipped for the evening. It seemed so strange, driving along through the bright moonlight in an open carriage, without cloaks or shawls; but the heat was suffocating. We entered the room through a drapery of lace curtains, and found the usual amount of stiff sentences being exchanged between the company while waiting the arrival of dinner. Nora looked relieved when an officer who had called on us led her in to dinner, while I was consigned to the charge of a gentleman whose jacket presented a perfect blaze of golden embroidery. The smallest of small-talk then ensued; our hosts considering it well done when providing a splendid dinner and two poor young ladies for their guests' education. Perhaps some of our relatives may be inclined to think the latter item a small one; but *n'importe*, we were new—a great consideration in India.

I always found that dinner-givers gave themselves little or no trouble about anything. In a well-trained household the Khansamah (butler) arranges everything, and each guest brings his own servant, who waits on him exclusively, and never thinks of attending to any one else; so if you have not got your own Khitmutghar, or a stupid one, you stand a good chance of being starved. Round soup, or any popular dish, these servants cluster in crowds, and positively struggle for the first supply for their own particular Sahib, while outside you hear a subdued fight going on continually for the earliest choice of clean plates for fresh champagne. All natives are so much alike I could not attempt to distinguish any of our men from the others, nor could I have asked for anything if I had; and having waited patiently a long time for some water, I applied to my glittering neighbour, who succeeded, after some delay, in telegraphing back his man from the middle of a very hot encounter, and especially ordering him to bring me the desired beverage. I never

could conceive at first why the water-bottles  
always brought to dinner in old time bottles,  
which looked so ugly after our bright crystal  
at home; but I soon found the greater ease  
with which these bottles can be kept in the  
ice, and brought out fresh and fresh made  
them much to be preferred. When we  
adjourned to the drawing-room it looked  
very cheerful, being well lighted and cleared  
for dancing. Oh, the delights of a Calcutta  
matting! but woe to the unhappy griff un-  
used to it, who after six lessons at home,  
~~recklessly~~ conduces himself and his trusting  
partner to its slippery surface—a spread eagle  
being the invariable result. All our lady  
friends will sympathise in our feelings during  
the first few moments of suspense. Would  
our captivating toilettes be unavailing in pro-  
curing us partners, and of what kind? For-  
tunately for me, I made my debut in a waltz  
with Keith and could not have chosen better  
for myself. Nora was whisked round the  
room by a tall artilleryman, whose epaulette  
she had the greatest difficulty in hanging on  
to, at the risk of rubbing off her nose, while

we then had the pleasure of knowing that two of these eye-glasses were steadily fixed on our white shoes, which were decorated with cherry-coloured bows. And this was the beginning of a controversy, that raged long and violently as long as we remained in the station, about these said bows. We persisted in wearing them, both because we liked them, and also had the authority of our Paris shoemaker for doing so; but the society of Dhoorghar were divided in opinion as to their merits. Some gentlemen admired them extravagantly, and some ladies instantly followed our example; others stood aloof, to hear what the general opinion would be on the subject; and they committed themselves finally; while some people disapproved of them entirely, and discoursed quite learnedly about "effect" and "colour" when striving to put down the unoffending "bow" movement.

Altogether, the evening was passing, and Keith came home determining forthwith to give a dance himself, the preparations for which we commenced the next day, by



making out hieroglyphical lists of names of people who had called from the pile of cards in the baskets, and sending an invitation to the owner of each card therein contained.

And here I must allude to the dire perplexity we were often thrown into by these same cards. Two officers would generally call together (I suppose to keep one another's courage up), and send in two cards, which informed you that Messrs. Smith and Jones are standing before you. We rise and bow silently, wondering which is Smith, and which Jones. A lively conversation ensues on the last dust-storm and the great heat, with awful pauses, generally ending by the two visitors starting up spasmodically, then rushing forward they shake hands with you nervously, and depart. On the Course that evening we bow bewildered to some individual in a similar uniform to our visitors, and then, instantly feeling convinced it is the wrong person, drive on; growing very red in the face.

At the evening of our party drew near we held many committees as to ways and

Keith had never given such a thing before, and I felt our London experience was worse than useless. Instead of writing to Blagrove for the number of musicians we wanted, feeling sure the result would be perfection, Keith wrote to the colonel of a native regiment, whose band was reported a good one, requesting its services for the evening, and, being graciously referred to the band-master (an Englishman), had an interview with that worthy. I directed Keith to ask for six men, thinking that a sufficient number for our rooms. But, to my dismay, we were informed that the band, being composed of natives, who are taught music simply by constant repetition, it was impossible to divide them, or the men, finding themselves put out, would be perfectly useless. This was somewhat provoking. As we especially wished to have an evening party, and not a ball (every lady understands the difference), the prospect of an entire band was somewhat alarming. However, as the option appeared to be the whole band or none, we chose the lesser evil; and as we fortunately possessed a large verandah, the

band, consisting of some thirty men, were safely stowed away in it; thus achieving a double advantage, that of dulling the sound and putting the performers out of the way, much to Keith's satisfaction, he having an insurmountable objection to dancing in the presence of 'niggers.'

The music settled, next came arrangements for supper, and here Keith left us, saying he could not attend to butchery work and supper too. And now, instead of a hundred-and-one pastrycooks, ready to furnish every conceivable edible at a moment's notice, or the experienced cook revelling in visions of the jellies and creams which were to be the pride of the evening, everything had to be entrusted to native servants, in whose powers I had little faith. However, supposing all other party-givers in the station must find themselves in the same predicament, and feeling all communication between ourselves and our servants to be hopeless, we had recourse to a lady friend, who promised to aid us. Accordingly one morning our kind ally,

Mrs. Douglas, arrived, and summoning our Khansamah (head-servant), informed him we wanted to have a party, and asked what he would give for supper. After musing some moments with a puzzled look, he suggested "a roast sheep." "Oh, you guddah!" (donkey) was instantly the natural reply of the Anglo-Indian; then, turning to us, said, "You see, my dears, this man evidently knows nothing; he must not be trusted. I will consult my Khansamah, who understands all about these things, and will send you a list, which your man can get translated in the bazaar, and that will settle it all." We were of course delighted to leave the whole affair in her hands.

Suppers are much the same things here as at home, only in the hot weather cream is difficult to procure good, and before the ice-pits are opened, setting jellies, &c., must be trying to a cook's temper and skill. We were puzzled in the list sent us to find a "goose pie" particularly insisted on, till we heard that all raised pies are thus denominated, whatever may be the season of the

year, or the materials of which it is composed; and this is always a certain success in a native's hand.

The morning of the eventful day found our rooms cleared for dancing and profusely decorated with flowers, while nearly all the civil service of Dhoorghur, having cut Kutchery for the day, were assembled in them, everybody suggesting some new and unpracticable improvement, or pleasing themselves with the idea of being useful. The gentlemen, with their coats off, both on account of the great heat and also to look business-like, were alternately executing grotesque dances with each other by way of practice, calling on us to direct them through the intricacies of some entangled "renversé," and rushing off to concoct some mysterious and nauseous compound of claret and green tea (too scientific a process to be trusted to servants), meant to impart increased vigour to the dancers in the evening; while Nora and I, on our knees on the floor, were patiently endeavouring to rectify the depredations the rats had made in our Calcutta

matting. Now and then we were all summoned to inspect some newly arrived supper-dish, decorated in an entirely original and striking manner by our ingenious Bob-bagee (cook). Altogether, what with laughing, talking, making lobster-salad, arranging fruit and flowers, it was the queerest day I ever spent; no maid to look after our things, or dress us. An Ayah takes an hour to lace up a dress, and then does it all wrong;—most dreadfully trying to one's patience. I know for a fact that many married ladies teach their husbands to do it. There's conjugal helpfulness!

At last, with the thermometer over a hundred, our guests began to arrive, and we proceeded to enjoy ourselves as we best could. One comfort was, our guests knew each other much better than we did, so no introductions were necessary; had they been, I don't know what we should have done about names.

I did not see much difference between this and an English dance, except the principal topics being, "Oh, So-and-so could-  
VOL. I.

## THE TIMELY RETREAT ; OR,

not come, he's got fever;" "I luckily got my hot fit over an hour ago;" while one of our guests had had her finger bitten by a snake the day before, but it was progressing favourably. And then people seemed so careful about overfatiguing themselves, and wanted to leave directly after supper; replying to my astonished remonstrance at such a Gothic proceeding, "Ah! Miss Leslie, when you have been another hot season in India, you won't be so fond of dancing either."

We succeeded in making a few energetic people stay for a second supper, so our "ball" was considered a most spirited one, though at home I should have looked on it as a languid failure.

The only other remarkable feature of the evening was the behaviour of the "band-boys," who, being introduced into the supper-room, pounced on everything eatable, ever down to a ham, and carried it bodily away as announced to us by a breathless Khitmutdar when we were discussing the events of the evening before separating.

Our first dinner party was a terrific failure

There were some married people not invited to the dance whom it was imperatively necessary to have; so we gave ourselves up victims to necessity, and after racking our brains to remember, and tongues to produce, some of the unearthly sounds carefully culled from our vocabulary, gave up the attempt in despair, and having written out a list such as our English experience dictated, requested Keith to translate it to the Khan-samah, which he did; but the man evidently thought we had the most meagre ideas on the subject of a feast compared to his own, and consequently altered our select list to please himself. The result was, on the evening in question a heterogeneous variety of articles appeared on the table, in defiance of all rule, which would never have suggested themselves to me. Thus, a leg of mutton was dropped, as if by accident, between a piece of veal and a turkey, while a shoulder jostled some sweetbreads and oyster-patties, and every available corner of room was somehow filled. Keith, who never saw what other people had on their tables, was fully



alive to the deficiencies of his own, and looked aghast at the whole proceedings. Nothing could be done; the servants could understand no words, and were obtuse to all signs; so Nora and I, feeling perfectly helpless, could only talk unconcernedly, and try not to laugh at the unending profusion before us. So the dinner passed off somehow. After all, people are not *exigant* in India, particularly to new comers. They know too well the difficulties we have to contend with; but we took good care, after that painful evening, always to warn the man, on pain of instant dismissal, not to exceed the list given him by so much as a piece of bread. To conclude we had a very stupid man to deal with at first, for our later experiences of dinners, &c., were much more easily managed, and without the slightest trouble.

Before describing an Indian day, it is necessary to have some idea of an Indian night. We retired to our rooms about half-past ten, which, though sounding quite a primitive hour to us, was later than many of our friends', early parade and hard work necessitating early

hours. The furniture of our rooms consisted literally of two ponderous wardrobes and two little low beds, with net mosquito curtains, placed in the middle of the room just under the punkah, the walls pierced with doorways on all sides simply for better ventilation. The dressing-room on one side opened into the verandah, in which I often stood to enjoy the stillness of the night, putting to flight a whole tribe of Punkah-wallahs waiting outside till wanted for Keith's punkah and ours; at least the Arabs always rushed out and dispersed them whenever I approached the windows. The scene at night was very tempting, the broad white pavement of the verandah looking so pure and peaceful with the enlivened shade of the round pillars thrown across it by the moon—quite a long colonnade; the air was heavy with the scent of orange-blossoms and the large Indian jessamine from the garden which came close to the house; fantastic-looking palms and other trees closed a picture which I often wished the home people could see. You could not, however, yield

your spirit up to enjoyment, for there were numbers of bats swooping about, and I have a great horror of such unclean animals; then one dared not step off the white flooring of the verandah, for the house had been celebrated for snakes, and the gravel all round it had been broken up to prevent their approach, snakes having a dislike to moving over rough places. The drowsy hum of the insect world rather heightened the awe of the scene, but a horrible screech from some night bird, or the unearthly cry of the jackal, sends you back into the house with your dreams of hope all shattered to fragments.

During the hot weather in Bengal you always sleep under a punkah, with or without mosquito curtains, according to taste. We preferred them, and when the time approached for getting into the little bed, one Ayah, seizing a duster, begins violently agitating the ~~curtain~~ on one side. This is done to alarm any knowing mosquitoes who have stationed themselves on the edge of the curtain, ready to hop inside directly it is raised, while the other woman carefully un-

does a little scrap of it, under which you insert your head, and then slip dexterously in. Sometimes no care can exclude your bloodthirsty tormentors, and then I pity you; but, generally speaking, science defeats them entirely, and you defy them. Unless your servants are careful, however, the curtains are no protection against animals, for Nora found, one morning, a lizard inside hers, and read the Ayahs a serious lecture in English on the subject, which impressed them considerably. The last words to the Ayahs were always an injunction to call us at four o'clock, and the name of the pony that was to be in readiness for each. The pankah then begins to move violently, and you are left to the miseries of a long hot night. Oh, the unutterable wretchedness of it! If all circumstances are favourable—no mosquitoes, no jackals near—if after an age of restlessness you should fall into a tranquil slumber, you are probably aroused by a repulsive feeling of suffocation—a dreadful sense of impending evil. The air is so dense it seems to choke you; and after two or three despairing

gasps for breath, you wake to the melancholy consciousness that the punkah has stopped—the Coolie is doubtless asleep. Now this misfortune is of such common occurrence, that many gentlemen make their punkah man sit in the room, and keep a large store of boots and other miscellaneous articles beside their beds solely for the purpose of pitching at his head whenever he forgets his duty; but as a lady's punkah is pulled by means of a rope passed through a hole in the wall, this method of waking him is not available. They are then obliged to scream "Punkah kencho" (pull) till the desired end is obtained, and they become thoroughly awakened. We had observed that our Coolies had got an empty box placed on end, in the passage outside our room, on which they always mounted when engaged in pulling our punkah. This, we remarked, was an unsteady seat; so by getting up, and finding where the rope was, then making a good jump for it, an energetic tug would pull it out of the Coolie's hands, and a smothered sound of a general roll would

convey the intelligence to us that box and Coolie had found their level on the ground, from which Coolie would gather himself very much awake, and pull lastly for a few minutes, soon, of course, to relapse, and the same scene to be enacted over again, till the cooler morning hours arriving, we succeeded in getting some sleep. There are three Coolies allotted to each punkah, and as the night ones have nothing to do in the day save sleep, they have no business to be so idle. I heard a young esq. say that whenever his punkah stopped at night he put all the Coolies up before him, and fined them all round without exception. "The consequence is," said he, "my punkah never stops." When I afterwards wondered how they contrived to pay fines out of their pittance, Keuh declared that as that young man had never paid his men anything since they had entered his service, of course the fines and payment were equally null.

We were called every morning at four o'clock. The Ayah stood beside my mosquito curtains, murmuring out, "Baba cha

budjah (four o'clock), babo." &c. till I answered her, and very sleepily, having, perhaps, had only an hour or two's rest, prepared to rise a helpless victim to my sense of duty. They never attempted to waken Nora, knowing it was a hopeless experiment, as they dared not resort to such extreme measures with her as I did. Once up, the business of dressing was quickly achieved. A glass of water, and sometimes a bit of bread, formed our early meal. Afterwards, as we learnt to make ourselves more comfortable, we always had coffee before starting. The instant we were up, the Ayahs rushed out to stop the pookah. Our Pookah-wallahs certainly had an easy life of it.

Proceeding to the hall door, we found our two fat little jones standing ready with their Syces, and two or three Chuprassces and a policeman superintending the operation of mounting. We almost always bent our steps to the Courser, as it was a wide, soft road, shaded by trees, and having been well watered for the previous evening's drive, was not so dusty as any other way; besides,



LAVANGHOL ROAD



it was nearly the only ride we knew. If we tried any other we were sure to lose ourselves, for we could not reconcile it to the tender feelings of our English consciences to make our Syces toil after us on foot as we cantered away, and always stationed them at the head of the Course. You dare not be out later than six, as by that time the sun becomes too powerful for safety. Indeed, I think our riding in the hot weather at all was a mistake, though before we left home we had been so warned to keep up good English habits, that we persevered till Nora was laid up. People who rise at four to ride, if, like myself, they cannot sleep in the middle of the day, do not get sufficient rest to recruit their exhausted energies preparatory to undergoing the depressing influence of another long hot day. Most people, on returning from the morning ride, have "chota hazaree," a kind of preliminary breakfast, but as Keith set his face determinately against such a proceeding, declaring it to be a vice and the foundation of half the liver complaints in the country, we used to

retire to rest breakfastless, and ordering the punkah to begin again, went to sleep, or lay awake, as we pleased, till nine, when we rose, had a bath, and dressed for the day. An Indian bath-room presents a very different spectacle to the comfortable apartment known by that name in an English home. It is a small room, with bare, white-washed walls and a stone or chunam floor, a little raised bank portions off one part of it to confine the water, a row of earthenware pots, full of water, stand ranged on one side, and the Ayah pours over you the contents of as many of these as pleasure or duty dictate. Generally speaking, whenever snakes are found in a house, the bath-room is their resort: perhaps they go to drink the water, or perhaps they find it a quiet room, where they are unmolested greater part of the day.

When you appear in the drawing-room, you probably discover the Moller (gardener) giving the last touches to the vases of flowers which it is his duty to arrange every morning. When left to their own taste,

natives always make up a very stiff round bunch of flowers without leaves—a kind of embryo Covent Garden bouquet; but if you take the trouble of showing them once or twice how you like your flowers arranged, they take great pains, and really pick up an idea very quickly. A “bird arch” (very good) from the Miss Sahib sends the Mollee away in a perfect hurricane of sighs, and with a happy heart for the rest of the day. There was a large and very handsome yellow acacia which we were very fond of, because it reminded us of the laburnums of home. . . . One day, when we expected a dinner party, directed the Mollee to fill the fireplace with this blossom; and then, as we expressed ourselves much pleased with the result of his labours, the consequence was, that the fireplace was daily decorated with larger and larger branches of the golden flowers, till in pity to the poor tree, to say nothing of the numerous insects necessarily brought into the house, I was exceedingly glad when that acacia passed out of bloom. It did not appear to strike the man’s mind

to substitute any other flower in its place: that would have been an exercise of reasoning faculties beyond him.

Supposing breakfast is not ready, now is the time to answer some of those numerous chits (notes) which form so prominent a feature in an Indian day, as you never think of entrusting a servant with any longer message than "Bhote bhote salaam do"—a comprehensive phrase, which appears to mean, "Give my compliments;" or "Many thanks;" "I have your note, and will attend to it." In fact, that wonderful sentence seems all-sufficient; but anything, even the simplest thing, beyond, has to be written. Many people naturally spend the interval between chota hazaree and breakfast in writing; consequently, just at this time, there is generally an influx of notes requiring immediate attention. I am sure any lady's Indian experience will affirm that six notes in a forenoon is a very moderate average to take of the number daily received.

All Indian meals seem to be movable feasts; no subject admits of greater variety.

Our breakfast-hour was nominally half-past nine; but perhaps Keith had had a bad night, or some business required his presence in his office, so that I have often heard eleven strike as we sat down to table. Breakfast seemed always to be ready, and only required the magical word "Lao" (bring) to summon it forth. The meal itself varies, of course, with the taste of each household. During the reign of the first Khansamah, with whom I was acquainted, it always consisted of four side dishes, containing rice, dol (a kind of dried pea), omelet, and fish. This was a breakfast Keith had ordered on one occasion, and it was never altered in the slightest degree unless Keith suggested chops when gentlemen were staying with us.

In the north-west, strawberries are plentiful at the commencement of the hot weather, and always appear on the breakfast-table with any other fruit that may be in season, and raspberry-jam is a standing dish in every house. Though the cows here are such pretty little gazelle-like creatures, very small,

generally cream-coloured, with dark, prominent eyes and thorough-bred heads, yet few people will touch cow's milk, but always carry about flocks of goats with them. My brother would not allow it on his table, and goat's milk to an English palate is peculiarly disagreeable. I could not at first understand the reason of this prejudice, but heard that the Indian cow is supposed not to be at all particular in its feeding: it will eat carrion, or any such horrible thing it finds anywhere. Your only chance of being safe is to keep your own cows, and guard them carefully; thus Nora, who had an insurmountable dislike to goat's milk, had her cow tethered in the compound. There is no trusting to appearances. Who would have thought it, to look in their innocent faces? But, after all these precautions, the milk is very poor, and if you ask for cream, are told you must wait till the cold weather for it. Every good thing seems put off till the cold season; in the mean time, you must exist on expectation. But the goat's milk is not always good: we used to have frequent discussions about it.

At times it is quite undrinkable, though the natives never seem to see any difference in it, holding, no doubt, that it is milk after all. The goats were brought into the verandah and milked just as it was wanted. I, being inexperienced, could not well tell before it went into the tea when the milk was good or bad (unless the fact was unmistakable), but Kehn by long practice, could discover it in an instant. Sometimes, if he was engaged with letters or papers, and I omitted to ask his opinion before handing his cup, with the first mouthful would come an exclamation of horror and disgust. "There's that poisonous stuff again. *Siora, Qui Hye*, send for the goatman—take all this away—bring some more milk—and, above all, remember the goatman is fined a rupee"—all this and much more in a torrent of Hindostanee. Occasionally I would venture to remonstrate it could not be the man's fault, as I had seen the goats milked in the verandah: "It did not signify—it was entirely his fault." Then the *Khitmutghar*, with folded hands, would explain there was no more milk to be had,

it was all used; no matter, the Sahib was peremptory—some *must* be brought; and, somehow, more was always found. This is always the way in India: the servant assures you that what you require is not procurable, you stamp your foot and say “Lao;” he then commences a long and fluent speech, with a hundred good reasons why your demand cannot be supplied, to which you politely reply, “Jew” (go away). And in nine cases out of ten he will return with the desired article; and thus, thanks to their reverence for English willfulness, a very small amount of Hindostanee can be made to accomplish a good deal.

Keith told us that, at the first out-station he was appointed to, he lived for four years on moorghie cutlets alone; his servant always prepared that dish and nothing else, and he cared too little about it to remember to desire the man to vary the bill of fare. Breakfast over, Keith started for Kutchery, and this Burra Sahib, whom English insinuations always suppose preceded by silver sticks, and followed by a train of servants,



then started on foot, carrying his own white  
parasol umbrella, and wearing a huge pith  
helmet, also covered with white ; a Chu-  
prasse followed with some volumes of solemn  
aspect and portentous size. Keith gone, we  
prepared to make arrangements for getting  
through the day as we best could. After  
nine o'clock, an Indian house is shut up for  
the day, every window carefully closed and  
darkened, every ray of light scientifically  
intercepted. Our drawing-room was in the  
middle of the house—a long room with  
pillars at either end, scantily lighted by a  
thatched skylight and any subdued rays from  
the adjoining rooms. It was seventy feet in  
length—a dreary-looking room, which no  
amount of furniture could fill, the flat surface  
of the walls broken by numbers of doorways,  
each one half filled by a little red curtain or  
swinging screen.

As soon as gun-fire announces the hour  
of noon, all gentlemen on visiting thoughts  
instantly arrange their neckties in the most  
elaborate manner, take the last look over  
their book of compliments, and, stepping

into their buggies, proceed to pay off as many visits as they can get through between the hours of twelve and two, the space allotted by Dhoorghur etiquette to calling. I need not remark on the absurdity of a rigid adherence to a rule which compels people to be out in the hottest part of the day. Every one suffers alike from it, and every one complained bitterly of the hardship, yet no one had the moral courage sufficient to break through it. We heard of other stations in which the evening was the fashionable hour for calling—a much more sensible plan, truly—but here the rules were strict; the votaries of fashion were therefore compelled to submit to the certainty of being grilled in the present, and the chance of a fever in the future. Before twelve no one is visible; and after two, “The doors are shut,” is the invariable answer to all late comers, that being the hour set apart for the all-important tiffin, or the children’s dinner. We, being new comers, had to run a perfect gauntlet of visits from the whole station. The sound of wheels in the distance foretels the advent of some

one, and an excited Chuprassee generally rushes in to announce "Missy Baba Sahib jague," or "Owr Mam-Sahib,"—meaning, gentlemen or more ladies are coming. A pause of a few seconds and then the cards are presented, you give the order for admittance, and the visitors enter. There are no bells or knockers in an Indian house.



CHUPRASSEE.

as there are sure to be two or three Chuprassees or other servants standing about

ready to receive your card. It was very awkward for us, being utter strangers to the whole society, to know who was the individual standing before us. My brother never could spare time to stay and introduce us, but was always at Kutchery. People generally hunt in couples, and you receive, perhaps, two ensigns who have determined to return Leslie's card, left at their mess, by a visit to his sisters; and the keenest attention throughout the call often fails to inform you what their respective appellations may be.

We were reduced to a frightful state of conglomeration as to the various titles of our new acquaintances; we could not call them all Colonels, and so were compelled to adopt simple Mr., without respect to grey hairs, for sometimes the captains looked older than their colonels, and as it was the height of the hot weather, many called in their white jackets. Here was another difficulty: what regiment did they belong to? We dare not praise or abuse any particular band (generally a favourite topic), lest it might be theirs. I, who at home used to look with

equal honor on an Army List and a Bradshaw, now sat patiently wading through its columns of names, wondering which was which, and it was not till after weeks of patient and unremitting study that I mastered some of its difficulties. As for the alphabet of letters gone mad put after some of the names, they are still as the Egyptian hieroglyphics to me. We got into sad disgrace by persisting in calling the officers of native regiments "Native officers," in distinction to the European ditto, that being a point all John Company's servants are very touchy upon. Another little fact of natural history we learnt was, that doctors of regiments might always be known by their cultivating larger moustachios and beard than any other officer, and talking consequentially of the service, drill, &c. I wonder why they shirk the Medico, which they invariably do.

We were often fairly at our wits' end, when the welcome hour of two sounded and the last buggy drove off, leaving us at peace for the rest of the afternoon, it not being consi-

dered "the thing" at Dhoozhur to ask any one to stay tiffin unless they had previously been solemnly invited by note to do so.

We had heard from enthusiastic young ladies details of the delights of a "tiffin-party" and its unlimited flirtations, and were therefore pleased in no small degree at receiving an invitation to an entertainment of this sort. On the eventful day a kindly dust-storm cleared the air, which felt deliciously cool as we drove to our friend's house. Having been admonished to come early, we arrived about one, and found several ladies, work in hand, gaily chatting, and a lovely little girl playing elfish pranks amongst them. Soon some officers dropped in, full of the last game at rackets; and two o'clock saw us marching in stately procession to the adjoining room, where the only difference I could discover between a tiffin and a dinner was, that the sweets and solids appeared together. Then followed some music, and the gentlemen hurried off to settle some contested point in their game, while we resumed our morning's occupations.

at six o'clock announced the carriage for the evening drive. I have seen several tiffin parties since that first experience, and found each one astonishingly like its predecessor.

Tiffin over, in the hot season most ladies retire to their rooms to rest, and seeing we rose at four, I don't think we could have been accused of indolence had we followed their example; but we were not sufficiently naturalised to forsake English habits so much, and therefore determinately read and worked, practised and drew, like modern Griseldas, till the sun—whom we were taught quite to look on as our natural enemy—tired of persecuting defenceless creatures any longer, sank at last into his gory bed, and we began to breathe freely again, and prepare for our evening drive. Far from being cool, however, the air was just like a blast from some fiery furnace, so that we were obliged to improvise impromptu fans by fixing wet handkerchiefs inside our parasols, and holding them before our burning faces, thereby causing beholders to think there were two modest Feringhees

left who did not recklessly expose their faces to the sacrilegious gaze of all mankind. These hot winds crack your lips and chap your skin far more quickly and effectually than the most ruthless and biting frosts at home can do.

The Course at Dhoorghur was considered a particularly fine one, being more than a mile long and very broad, with trees on either side, and a wide space kept soft for riders. Owing to the number of regiments stationed at Dhoorghur, we were generally provided with a band every night, but the artillery one was deservedly the favourite, and Tuesdays and Fridays were considered the fashionable nights on the Dhoorghur Course, just as they are in Kensington Gardens. As every one combined in praising the artillery band, we were anxious to test its merits. Besides, hearing it was always a crowded night on the Course when they performed, we determined to make our first appearance on one of their evenings, and carefully learnt up a phrase indicative of our wish to be driven to the appointed place



—a slightly raised square on a maidan (plain) at one end of the Course.

We arrived very early, while the industrious Bheesties were busy flinging the contents of their water-skins over the dusty ground—the Indian substitute for watering the roads. Anything more dreary than the Course at an early hour (or on a no-band night) cannot well be imagined, a few respectable families, who appeared to consider it a solemn duty to air the ponderous ancient carriage every evening, being the only occupants of the solitude besides the children. These olive-branches are all sent out on diminutive tats, or disposed of in go-carts, the American propeller—that bane of peaceful, ruminating gentlemen at home—being unknown. The number of attendants who seemed requisite to look after the well-being of these Young Hopefuls was utterly absurd to our eyes. Each pony, however small, is led by a Syce (groom), every child requires an Ayah, and sometimes a bearer, and often a Chuprassee, so round each little group walked quite a collection of attend-

ants. These children looked very pretty with their white dresses and gay ribands, their hair carefully brushed and curled, as no bonnets or hats were worn, and their little white arms and bare necks forming a striking contrast to their sable attendants.

As for the Course, even when most crowded, looking in the least like Kensington Gardens, that was a dead "take in." True, all the carriages drew up in their accustomed stations round the band, but a solemn silence prevailed; conversation (when people spoke at all) was carried on in whispers. The first time you see any acquaintance when driving up and down, you greet them with a languid bow or friendly nod, according to the degree of intimacy you wish to preserve; after that you take no notice of them. We used to spend moments of great agitation when first the Course began to fill. As it was sure to be growing very dusk, it was exceedingly difficult to recognise anybody, unless, like owls, you could see in the dark, and our time was generally taken up with—"Here are

two red-coats coming; do we know them?" or, "Shall we bow on the chance?" "Now, I think this is an engineer. Do we know any engineers?" After we learnt up the uniforms, it was easier to distinguish our friends; but often we were startled by the apparition of an irregular cavalry or staff uniform, the wearer of which, having been introduced to us in multi, was completely disguised. It was impossible to venture on bowing indiscriminately to every one we met, as many of the shopkeepers and Crannies (clerks) drove mules as well-appointed buggies as the officers, so that was no criterion; and many gentlemen made a point of never calling on any ladies, so it would not have been pleasant to have insisted on claiming acquaintance with them.

After driving two or three times up and down the Course, you go and wait at the band, listening to the music. And here a most rigid silence was preserved. It was not surprising that we, being total strangers, should not find much to say; but the people whose listless apathy we were wondering at

were many of them intimate friends. After a few days, when some daring gentlemen came to the side of our carriage and we indulged in a laugh, we could see the almost-recumbent forms of our neighbours raising themselves in reproof at our levity. At first we were awed, and felt ourselves much to blame for breaking the silence; but afterwards, considering that we had a right to extract all the amusement we could out of the intensely dry materials presented to us, we shook off our alarms, and doubtless many of the good folks were scandalised at us for actually laughing and talking above a whisper, till "God save the Queen" put an end to all conversation, and roused up the patient horses, who really seem to know the melody, and the order is given to return home, where we found Keith too much exhausted with the day's work to think of anything, till a little conversation revived him sufficiently to order dinner, after which meal tea made its appearance instantly, and we sat talking till it was time to think of retiring; and then the night and day began.

again *de capo*, without the slightest variety, till the end of the hot weather.

Sunday morning saw us up before the lark; indeed, since my Indian experience, I begin to think that once matudinal song is shamefully overpraised. Candlelight is not becoming to the complexion with the grey dawn struggling for supremacy, and it seemed impossible to arrange your bonnet satisfactorily between the contending influences, but by the time we reached the church it was bright daylight, and groups of half-castes, inappropriately dressed in white, lingered about the doorways, while each European regiment marched up, with its full band playing the last favourite waltz or galop, abruptly stopping as the men filed into church, thereby causing a hopeless confusion in one's ideas—trying to finish it and sing the opening hymn together. Talk of singing the hymn, Indian church music is much on a par with Scotch country dance, utter independence is strongly advocated, and though every one complains, no one thinks of rectifying it.

As soon as the men are well settled, and at the best moment for an effective entrance, an uproarious clatter of swords announces the Rifle officers, and before that has subsided, a further clattering, mixed with the jingling of spurs, heralds the arrival of the artillery. They are artistically arranged, horse in front, to show their gold embroidery, foot behind, while the griffs are wisely kept in the rear, as not adding much honour to the corps. They behave, on the whole, remarkably well, poor boys, only looking intensely bored—a feeling which the grave colonels appear to participate in, as they threaten the clergyman whenever his sermon exceeds twenty minutes or half an hour in length, that the health of their men cannot stand such close confinement. It was delightful to see all the griffs, at the close of service, buckling on their swords with well got-up indifference, while no doubt mentally wishing cousin Jane or Mary were there to see how well they looked in regimentals as they canter off to mess for breakfast. The

officers of native regiments, not being obliged to attend service with their men, make a very poor show compared to the others. We had got over our first astonishment at punkahs in Calcutta, and it was a great source of discomfort to us here that the seat allotted to us in church came exactly between two punkahs, so as to receive no air from either. It was a great relief to us, also, when some methodical person kindly had large printed statements of where all the different grades and people were to sit pasted over the church, as it materially assisted us in our classification, though it made us all look rather like compartments full of fatted animals at a show, with their names ticketed on them.

One morning, "when from peaceful slumbers waking," our ears were greeted by sonorous unwholesome sounds, squeaking, groaning, and proceeding apparently from a basket. The lady was holding in her hand, laughing, "With Dr. Hodge's compliments; to be well shaken before taken." The shaking part of

the prescription had, doubtless, been well administered, to judge from the doleful sounds issuing from it. No spying into the basket could inform us of its contents. Of course the Ayahs both poured out a flood of gibberish,—high Dutch to us—so we ordered it off to Keith's room by signs; but his watchful bearer would not allow the Sahib to be disturbed, and the mysterious basket was brought back to us, its distressed occupant loudly testifying his disapproval of the whole proceeding. We dared not let it out in our room, not knowing precisely its nature, so despatched it to the Chota Sahib, thinking it rather a good joke to get that little gentleman up in time for breakfast, at which meal, when we assembled, the unknown turned out to be a monkey; which was instantly ordered in for inspection; and a scared-looking native led the animal in, secured by a long chain. It was very small, but had the most wrinkled and old-fashioned face, and kept elevating its eyebrows and jabbering at us, till its demands for cake and



fruit were complied with. Nora and I were most thankful we had not let the creature loose in our bedroom. We soon discovered the author of the joke; but it was amusing to see the mystification of the real Dr. Hind, who (happening to call that day) was informed how his prescription had been carried out. Not being a "joking man" at all himself, it served him as food for speculation for many a day; indeed, I don't know if he has yet fathomed it. The monkey soon made its escape, aided and abetted, no doubt, by its keeper, whom we never thought of upbraiding for neglect.

Our next pet was a pretty little leopard, very delicate and timid, which duly appeared to delight every creature with a blue ribbon round its neck, and forgot its natural shyness in the delight of wandering over the table, sniffing the peaches and melons on the various plates. It certainly ate an extraordinary combination of things, beginning with peaches and blanc-mange, succeeded by milk and finishing by sipping its tea like a

Christian. Every morning, when the Mollie brought in the flowers to replenish our vases, the hare's breakfast was sent in, consisting of a bunch of fresh lucerne. It was generally asleep in either my lap or Nora's, and formed an inexhaustible topic of conversation to visitors, calling up countless anecdotes of former pets.

However dreadful the heat might be, we had always one unfailing comfort in the ice. This all-important luxury, having been carefully prepared in the cold weather, is buried in pits till the philanthropic gentlemen who undertake the charge announce that the distribution of ice may begin. People buy shares in the beginning of the season, and the amount of ice belonging to each share is determined by the quantity made. Some seasons ice is plentiful, at others rare. Every morning, about two o'clock, the ice-pits are opened, and each waiting servant receives his master's portion. We were fortunate enough to have the shares of some absent friends in addition to our own, so we were

enabled to indulge in the luxury of ices as often as we pleased to call for them; and they formed the only tiffin which Keith did not stigmatise as "a vice."

How Indians in old days existed without ice, I cannot imagine; in illness it is perfectly invaluable, and to everybody the comfort is inexpressible. We used to send for a tumbler of water just for the pleasure of inhaling the cool atmosphere round it, and the delight of watching its frosted sides. Native servants generally make ices very well, though the saltpetre will intrude sometimes. Vanilla is a great stand-by; also raspberry jam and peaches, but melon ice is despised. In Calcutta, people have the priceless advantage of Wrenham Lake ice, and, after envying them for some time, we hit on an excellent plan of imitating it, by desiring the Khilmutchar to freeze pure water very hard; then, broken into little bits, it was carried round the table, and popped, cool and sparkling, into your tumbler; and the effect was first-rate.

As we were frightfully at a loss for amusement, Mrs. Douglas most kindly offered us the loan of two side-saddles whilst waiting the arrival of our own per bullock train; and *en attendant* better things, we had Keith's hill ponies out. As they never were used but on his shooting expeditions, and were solemnly sent out for an airing every evening, we thought we might as well perform that duty ourselves. Keith was doubtful if they would permit of a lady's habit, so we had them up one night after dinner, and proceeded to try them in our dinner dresses, to the intense bewilderment of the Chuprassies lounging in the verandah, who thought us decidedly *non compos*. The biggest pony was introduced under the peculiar appellation of "Grog." We were further informed he was very vicious, but a first-rate shooting pony, allowing Keith to take aim and fire without moving; and, moreover, could gallop over stones and bits of rock in a manner we thought savoured of Munchausen. We had the failing, how-

ever, of generally stumbling on level ground, and occasionally pitched on his nose if not sharply looked after. In appearance, "Grog" was dark iron grey, very thick and hairy about the ankles, short legged, long bodied, and with a head fit for a dray horse, though himself only reaching twelve hands; nevertheless, all agreed in calling him a model of a hill pony. We privately thought hill ponies must be singularly ugly animals. The smaller one was named "Tommy," a dark bay, with a spirited little head, and slightly *retroussé* nose. From the annals of his former possessors, he was known to be twenty-two years old, but might have been any amount beyond it; and, notwithstanding his advanced age, he was as naughty and wicked as a "four-year old," combined with the wilfulness of a mule. He always knew the exact punishment he would receive for each act of insubordination, and contrived always to keep his rider fully occupied. He was the most impertinent pony I ever saw: he would boldly trot up to an

animal three times his own size, with his nose in the air, shrieking defiance. When ever he saw a horse in the distance, he would commence whinnying—a trick I have a particular aversion to, and always rewarded by a good cut over his nose, on which he would dart off at full gallop; and so cunning was he, that directly he whinnied, before receiving his chastisement, he would start away in anticipation; then, when tired of being out, he would resolutely shy at everything he saw; no matter if he had passed it a dozen times, he would wheel round and toss his head, until, losing all patience, I generally finished by breaking my whip over him. Nevertheless, he was a great pet—I suppose from his sheer impudence—and when out in camp, “Tommy” was generally allowed his liberty while the others were picketed, and might be heard poking his nose amongst the dishes, looking for toast, his favourite edibles. I have seen him go up and down rocks and trees, till I doubted his being a flesh and blood tattoo, and inclined to think him a gnomie in disguise.

In contrast to these substantial animals was a delicate little Burmah pony, "Puck," which my cousin bestowed on us during our stay in the country, and for fleetness I never saw his equal. At home he would have been thought the size for a child of five or six, but he carried Nora nobly, and could keep pace with, and beat, many a fine-looking steed. He and "Tommy" were bitter rivals, and never lost an opportunity of biting each other secretly.

A few days after our arrival some horse-merchants brought a black Persian horse for my brother's inspection, which he bought, destining him for his buggy—an office he performed very creditably at first. As we could not have a horse in the stable without trying him ourselves, we found him too good to be condemned to harness; and he soon testified his own opinion of the matter by regularly kicking the buggy to pieces whenever subjected to the indignity of drawing it. He was as gentle as possible when ridden.

How I used to envy the officers their chota hazaree! Our morning ride led us past the artillery mess-house, where the table was laid under the wide stone verandah and decked with golden melons, luscious peaches, and glowing strawberries, strongly inviting us to break the sixth commandment, and carry off a part as spoil; and then the jovial party which generally surrounded it in their white jackets, all constraint laid aside, retailing with high glee how Brown on the previous evening had overheard a sentimental speech administered by Smith to Miss —, while poor Smith feels his appetite vanish, and vainly tries to suggest that Brown's horse was past his management at the time, thus leading him to invent pleasing fictions to conceal his discomfiture. We generally heard a tolerably accurate statement of the early breakfast, while at our own later meal, from Mr. Wren: he was certainly the most indefatigable news-collector I ever knew. Of everything was communicated under the rose: but I know



every one he called on that day was sure to be favoured with a recital thereof.

Your importance in India is settled by the rank you hold. Thus my brother, being the "collector," was styled the Burra Sahib (great master), while his joint magistrate and assistant were Chota Sahibs (little masters); and well did this cognomen suit the latter gentleman in every respect. His prominent forehead, and merry, good-humoured face, invariably reminded me of codlin apples; but I am indebted to him for many a hearty laugh. He one day alluded touchingly to the manner in which the Indian climate had told on his personal appearance, by saying that his top-boots, which had fitted him to perfection when he left home, now looked like his little finger placed in a wine-glass; but the *naïveté* and *bonhomie* with which he suited the action to the word were irresistibly provocative of mirth, not to mention his choice collection of little hymns, carefully instilled into his youthful mind by his tender Scotch relations.

One, a great favourite of his, ran thus:—"I was not born a little slave to labour in the sun." At this point he broke off to suggest the palpable untruth of the statement, seeing that here he was a miserable slave to Kutchery, and enduring the pitiless Eastern sun. The consequences were, he was as well known by his self-given title of "Little Slave" as his baptismal name.

Many a time have I seen this valuable servant of Government indulging in melons and strawberries with the graceful ease of a schoolboy, having perhaps kindly offered to assist me in arranging them for dessert, while I was lost in admiration of his consuming capacities. At another time He would enter the drawing-room, and show us a terrific law book, telling us Keith had set him all that to learn, and thereby worked on our feminine sympathies to invite some favourite (for the time) to tiffin, to lighten the tedium of his existence. In his judicial capacity he, of course, was at liberty to inflict personal chastisement on his servants, which he occa-

sionally did, and after sounds of a general scrimmage in his room, he would emerge, looking heated and languid from his exertions, when he would remark, with great simplicity, that his fool of a bearer would hand him an unbecoming waistcoat, for which dire offence he had been compelled to shy all the movables in the room at his (the bearer's) head. I often feared that such a gigantic spirit, confined in such a small compass, would speedily wear its unfortunate possessor out. One morning, when out riding with us, in a transport of affection for his horse, a Don Quixote looking animal, he suddenly seemed to disappear, and but for a pair of tiny black sleeves round the horse's neck, and a diminutive foot in the stirrup, I should have feared the worst; but he was only embracing his steed. "Tommy," however, was seriously alarmed, and shied to one side, thinking some kind of fly had alighted on "Cavalier's" back.

I was agreeably disappointed with the whole class of cadets—Young officers whom

that miserable book. "Oakfield" had led me to look on with such pity. There was one round-faced, rosy-looking lad whom we especially patronised; he looked about twelve years old, but was, no doubt, more, or he could hardly have held a commission. When calling on him one day, he began speaking of "Oakfield," saying he was reading it, but it was not the least bit true. "For one thing," he said, "the young officers in the book are laughed at for writing home: Now, with us, every fortnight you see all our fellows writing as hard as they can, and, instead of laughing at you, the other fellows urge you on. I have never missed a mail since I came out." Of course we advised him by all means to keep up so good a habit.

Many of these poor little griffs lead the most dreary lives it is possible to imagine; they ride the funniest possible little tats, club together three or four in one house, dine at the mess, and are rarely seen anywhere by any one save their fellow-officers.

Unless some lady of the regiment takes pity on them, they are too shy and too much afraid of being snubbed to call on any one else. Sometimes at church they are visible, or on those rare occasions when a party of amateurs open the theatre; but on the Course, and at all other places where Anglo-Indians delight to aggregate, they are *non est*.

It is amusing and delightful to hear the astonishment with which a young griff, fresh from school and cricket, describes the kindness with which some grey old colonel has directed his ignorant proceedings, advised him about the purchase of a horse, and arranged for him to share his bungalow with another griff, whereby he is at once raised to the dignity of a householder, and when for the outlay of 20*l*. he finds himself the legitimate possessor of a somewhat bony, and, in some respects, ill-favoured animal, which, however, looks very well on the Mall, and carries him gallantly to parade,—when the griff, so warranted and encouraged by

the said colonel, finds himself in this responsible position, he delivers himself up to the enjoyment of it all with a zest and energy which it is refreshing to behold.

Do you think the senior officer loses anything by thus condescending to direct and aid his subaltern? I think not. Indeed, the kindly feeling thus implanted will most probably last till death severs the bond. No doubt there are many unhappy exceptions to this; but I have often seen with pleasure the senior officer conducting the newest griff through his round of visits to the station, and noticed the half-admiring, half-pitying air with which the man of perhaps ten years' experience listened to the crude observations of the youngster, and smiled on the boyish assumption of dignity with which the griff announces how things are done at home, remembering the time when he, too, passed through the same ordeal, thought the same thoughts, and met with the same sympathy.

In contradistinction to our fresh, open friend was a sandy-haired, thin, wizened-faced

youth, commonly known at Dhoorghur as "the Obnoxious Boy." And well had he earned his title: Indian ferocity applied on a canny Scotch temperament had made him precocious and sharp to a degree perfectly alarming. He was continually being bad up in the Court of Requests for non-payment of his servants, yet talked largely of his stud, and kept three horses to my own knowledge. On our arrival, he, amongst others, had called, and, of course, received an invitation to our first party. As we went one to the owner of each card on our table, and as few of the officers of his regiment had made our acquaintance, they being, for the most part, a retiring set, he boasted at the coffee-shop of his invitation, saying, "Ah, you see the Leslies were obliged to ask me; they knew their evening wouldn't go off if I wasn't there, because they've heard of my dancing, you know." A night or two previous to our party he began describing on the various wondrous exploits of heroismanship he had performed, and then informed us of his passionate fondness for dancing, saying, "I

think riding and dancing always go together; a good rider is sure to be a good dancer; and the fact is, my regiment always make me go to parties to keep up their credit in that line." It was utterly impossible to snub him in any way. If he heard of a story going about to his disadvantage, he would instantly pick it up, and retail it himself as a good joke.

Norá and I were alternately amused and awed at the solemn manner in which some of the gentlemen warned us against confiding in any member of our own sex. They told us frightful tales of scandal that had originated in this way, saying that motherly old ladies would come and talk us over, telling us to look on them in the light of our own maternal relative; and, having basely extracted our confidences of hopes and fears, would carry it round for the benefit of the station as a pleasing bit of gossip. Even our small friend, Mr. Wren, joined in the universal cry against elderly Indian ladies, saying "they had tried to come it over him in that way, but he knew a thing or two, and



was not so easily caught." I don't wonder at any elderly lady feeling moved to compassion at seeing a youth of his tender age and small size being launched, unprotected, into the vortex of mess dinners and unlimited champagne, without feeling a longing desire to call him under her sheltering wing. But such reiterated forebodings and gloomy warnings necessarily made us at times very doleful, and caused us to look with an eye of suspicion on all the really kind-hearted ladies who came near us, till we learnt that feminine instinct was far more to be depended on than any amount of masculine reasoning, and so boldly chose our own acquaintances, undeterred by their desponding precepts.

One great item in an Indian lady's day consists in overlooking the stores which the patient Box-wallahs unfold for her benefit. These men frequently commence the world with no greater stock than an empty soda-water bottle, but with a perseverance and cunning worthy of an Israelite, they trade on till they become the owners of stores of

heterogeneous articles, and the manner they pack everything into the smallest possible compass is marvellous. I have seen the whole verandah, the floor, and chairs of a room covered with the contents of a moderate-sized box. Pickles, sardines, perfumes, groceries, crockeryware, millinery, dresses, shoes, hosiery, and stationery, form some of the ingredients of their bundles. We were too lately arrived from England to want anything from these men, and the jewellers claimed more of our patronage. Their great delight appears to consist in unfolding all they possess, and laying it out on the floor, and as each brooch, bracelet, &c., has its separate piece of rag, it is a process requiring both time and patience. When everything was exhibited, we generally selected the things which pleased us, and then retired to our own rooms, leaving the Ayahs mistresses of the field: and then a perfect Babel commenced, as the men invariably ask double they mean to take, and we, knowing our unfitness for bargaining, deputed the Ayah to do it, who, proud of her brief authority,

exerted it to the utmost, and often astonished us with the results of her labours. Still I know she never beat them down too much, for she always seemed pleased with her "dustoor," the amount they presented to her for her patronage, being so many pice off each rupee we had expended. Their tariff of prices is utterly absurd, and varies with the rank you are supposed to be in. Thus, up on the hills, where we were unknown, their charges were moderate, and when we returned to Dhoorghur, the same men would ask exactly double for the identical ring or ornament they had offered us at Landour; but then at Dhoorghur we were the collector's Miss Sahibs.

The amount of sleep natives can get through used to be a continual wonder to me. Any spare time—and they have plenty of it—is invariably passed in this manner; and it was one of our greatest amusements (think what a pitch we must have been reduced to!) to preserve tranquillity till the calm and measured sound of breathing assured us that the Chuprassees in attendance

were fast asleep; then, elevating my voice to its loudest tones, I would shout "Gai hye," at which I inevitably heard a series of grunts and starts like small fire-arms going off; and a sleepy voice would reply, "Missy Baba," and a limp-looking figure, very much mottled in appearance, would enter. I always knew from their answer if they had been very long off, by their dropping the "Missy" and simply saying "Baba;" this was when considerably bewildered and startled. But it was delightful to see the native servants amusing the little English children. Their patience seems inexhaustible. Thoroughly childish in their ideas, they easily suit their play to their little companions' intellect; and I have watched them by the hour unwearyingly amusing a cross little thing, imitating a tiger or elephant, walking on hands and knees about the floor, with the little charge mounted on their back, and inventing endless games. They are never tired or put out of temper, but seem really to enjoy it; and certainly the child repays their care with an affection I

have never seen evinced to an English nurse. It is rather troublesome, sometimes, the amount of attendance they insist upon, and at a juvenile party you can hardly see the children for the number of servants. No child, whether boy or girl, can go out for the evening without its Ayah and bearer; and if they venture to leave the room, the child is sure to set up a shriek, and continue unappeased till their return. I suspect their attendants enjoy the excitement of a social gathering, and so make their presence imperatively necessary to the children's comfort, to ensure their own participation in them.

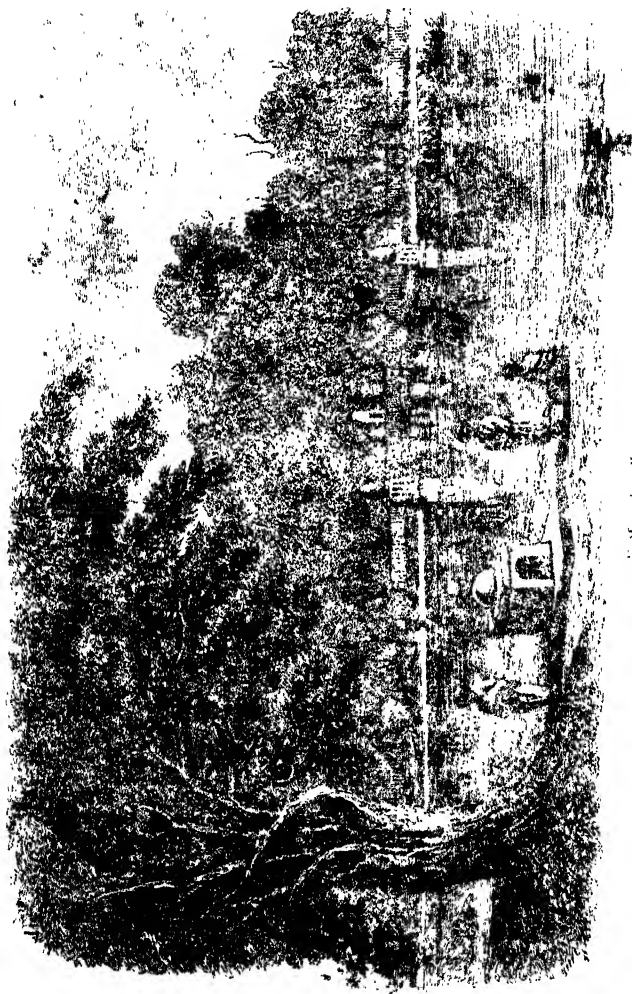
What a terrific state of confusion commenced when our luggage arrived after its long absence in the bullock train, and yet every one told us we were extremely lucky to get it so speedily. Keith was fortunately at home when the important event took place, and all business was laid aside in eagerness to inspect his new rifle, which was instantly unpacked, all the Chuprassees looking on awe-struck at the size of the murderous weapon. At last we got them to

open some of our boxes, which, notwithstanding all our care, presented a melancholy spectacle. The tray of a bonnet-box had given way, and some exquisite bonnets were utterly ruined, not to mention wreaths, &c. Then the havoc amongst the perfumes was ruinous: so many bottles of delicious Jockey Club and exquisite Fraugipani had either escaped altogether or been fairly smashed, causing a strange combination of odours to arise on their cases being opened. Everything seemed dusty, and the wretched cockroaches had insinuated themselves into some of the trunks through the keyholes, I suppose, whilst all had a battered and travel-worn appearance, sadly differing from their bright, strong look on quitting England, as though the fatigues of the journey and trials of the climate had been too much for them. One room could not contain all our multitudinous treasures, and, for weeks after their arrival, ball-dresses, books, linen, ribbons, &c., strewed the floor in inextricable confusion.

The Ayahs have no idea of arrange-

ment: they folded everything neatly, and put it into the wardrobes, which were crammed full; and whenever you asked for anything, it was sure to be at the bottom of a pile of others, entailing the careful building of the whole up again.

On the evenings when no band played on the Course, the fashionables of Dhoorghur would usually resort to a large tank of holy water in the neighbourhood, surrounded by trees, which, with some quaint little Faguer temples, reflected in the water, and the heavy shadows of the trees above, joined to several Surtee tombs dotted round, made a most picturesque scene. I should have enjoyed it more but that we often observed a most peculiar smell near, and on asking Keith what it could possibly be, he replied, "Roast Hindoo, no doubt;" and it was literally true, this being the favourite burying or rather burning place for their dead. Another annoyance was the hideous monkeys. Troops of these sacred animals often came flocking toward the carriages in hopes of





being fed—a hope I took care should never be realised, having heard a veracious account of a poor lady (a griffin, of course), who, having visions of the Zoological Gardens before her, took out a couple of buns to give the monkeys of one of these sacred topes. While the buns were being broken up and distributed to a few expectants, the other monkeys collected round and waited patiently for their turn to come; but, finding they had been called down from their trees, and their appetites excited, by a false hope of buns which did not seem to be forthcoming, they chattered threateningly at the poor lady, who, becoming alarmed, strove to retreat, but was seized upon by the offended community, and only rescued from her perilous position with great difficulty by her friends, and with the loss of nearly all her garments.

The tank near us was a favourite haunt of pilgrims, who came in great numbers to bathe in its sacred waters, which were supposed to possess great virtues. And what

saucy beggars these pilgrims are! One evening, a well-dressed young man, with a most disagreeable expression of countenance, suddenly flung out his arms as our carriage rolled by, with a request that the great lady would bestow on him, her slave, the sum of one rupee. "Ah!" murmured a lady with us, amused at the coolness of the demand. "some day, perhaps, you may get it." We passed on, and in a few minutes the young man was running along by the carriage, assuring the lady that it was "his most earnest wish to receive the rupee from her honourable hands alone, otherwise he hardly cared for it." "Jow, jow," was the reply mildly given. But after a short interval again appeared the panting suppliant, further to inform us, "that, as he was soon going to leave that part of the country, it was necessary that the money should be given him at once." "Nickal jow," now said the lady, thoroughly aroused by his impertinent perseverance, and we saw no more of him.

It is nearly impossible to give people at home the slightest idea of the monotonous sameness of a lady's life in the hot weather even in a large station; but I can never hope to describe anything like the utterly dreary existence of ladies at an out-station (as I have heard it done), the complete stagnation of all amusement, almost of employment, the utter lassitude and exhaustion of the body, and the perfect depression and prostration of the mental energies. Suppose you are (as is often the case) the only lady at the station, your husband goes out to office about ten o'clock. Now, if you have any children, fortunate, indeed, are you; those untiring little mortals will always give full employment to any one who chooses to take much trouble about them. Their powers of life are fresh and young; there is an unending spring of vital energy about them, which even the hot weather cannot subdue. In the simple fact of dressing them up for their morning and evening drives, the languid mother finds some occupation and

exercise for her taste at least; but supposing you have no children, or they are in England, what remains to be done? Literally nothing. Until about seven o'clock you know no single event (with the exception of tiffin) will occur to break the monotony of the day. The piano is too much out of tune to be bearable; besides, the excitement of touching it is too great; you have written up all your correspondence; you have read all the amusing books in the house, and have not energy enough to begin any others; you cannot possibly sleep any more; if you look out of the window, the glare blinds you; and if you could hear it, you would see nothing—no moving creature to break the solitude. Just as the Indian poet observes:

Nothing comes by day,  
But shadows on the wall;  
Nothing comes by night,  
But the grim specter.

If a woman has a highly-cultivated mind, and many resources within herself, she may battle more bravely against the adverse

circumstances around her; but when failing health is added to all the rest, there are few people who will not at least deteriorate very much, if they do not altogether succumb. When seven o'clock comes at last, and you get into the carriage, there are, perhaps, only two drives to choose from, both of which you know so well and are so wearied of. When you are out you see no one, save two or three exhausted gentlemen, driven out by *ennui* to take a breath of air, such as it is, hot and glowing. You return to find your husband too tired with his day's work to speak, almost to listen to you. After existing in this way for five or six years, can you be surprised to hear a lady say, as I once did, after describing the dreary stagnation of her life as being agreeably diversified by a dangerous fever, when she overheard the attendants saying there was not the slightest hope of her recovery—her only sensation being extreme thankfulness: "Here, then, is at last the end of this weary existence altogether." No doubt it was very

wicked of her, and she ought to have had different thoughts in her mind at such a time; but I cannot help thinking it was exceedingly natural. Probably military men suffer almost as much from *ennui* as ladies do; but then they have generally some kind of amusement to resort to, and a billiard-table, as well as the solace of smoking. Besides, I naturally pity my own sex the most.

What indescribable happiness it was to receive our first home letters—all the familiar names and places mentioned. If letters are a pleasure at home, they are a priceless boon out here. No one can tell how precious each trivial item of intelligence can sound till he has read it in exile—what bright visions of bygone days it may recall. All good correspondents at home, never let your benevolent exertions flag because you deem your absent friends will have lost their interest in local news; this is just what you must try to prevent. Always keep constantly before them continual fresh details of home affairs, and do not balance your debtor and creditor account too rigidly;

remember the obstacles Indian people find to prevent their writing much or often—the harassing over-work, the wear and tear of mind and body, joined to the depressing climate. Pay a chance letter back with compound interest; so shall you prevent your relations from returning home at last dried-up mummies with ossified hearts. We used to count the days till our English letters were due, and when they arrived, spend the whole day in reading and talking them over, though our friends rather aggravated us, by persisting in believing we were wonderfully happy; and while we considered ourselves as leading rather dull lives, and somewhat to be pitied on the whole, they would picture us as spending our days in a perfect whirl of balls and pic-nics, saying they heard on all sides that Bhoorghar was such a delightful station—our position was much to be envied, and we must enjoy the country extremely. While in contradistinction to these glowing descriptions of what India was expected to be, we constantly received letters from

consins domesticated in different parts of the country, and mostly of the same standing in it as ourselves, one and all expressing their dreadful disappointment, and bewailing their hard fate most pathetically. One drew a touching picture of his miseries, saying, "I came out thinking I should lie all day on a sofa, flanked by attentive servants, who on a look would bring me cigars, beer, &c.: that I might occasionally rouse me sufficiently to sign my name to some paper, which there would not be the slightest necessity to take the trouble of reading, while the rupees kept pouring in like a fairy tale. But, lo! for the sad reality: thereafter lay seated on a hard cane chair, flanked by two, dirty natives, my brain racked by the intricacies of a language difficult of comprehension, and dead in the extreme. I dare not sign a paper, or I am sure to get into trouble about it—perhaps hang a man unintentionally—while the rupees are eked out in a manner barely subsistable on." Another writes, in daily terror of being dragged, a hapless but struggling victim, to the hyme-



neal altar. For having twice danced with the same young lady, and assisted her to put on her cloak, he received an admonitory letter from the mother, demanding his intentions, to which he, being a mild youth, replied penitentially, and in a roundabout manner, "None." A furious reply was the consequence, and a warning not to venture about the station solus (something in the manner of one's "Bogie" days), advice he strictly complied with, plaintively observing, "It's rather hard not to go out till the owls do, as he hears some new young ladies have arrived; but he daren't stir till dark, or the offended matron's piercing eyes transfix him, and publish him to the world as a gay deceiver."

Dust-storms are such a peculiar feature of Indian life, that they deserve a separate notice. Their approach is heralded by an unmistakable smell of dust, and some think by a peculiar stillness in the atmosphere. Perhaps all the beauty and fashion of Dhoorghur are collected on the Mall, apparently engaged in listening to the band, when sud-

denly, from no visible cause, the sleepy coachmen start into life, a panic seizes the startled horses, people who were talking quietly to you a second before, with a half-uttered word of adieu spring into their buggies, and dash off. "Sauve qui peut!" seems the motto. In an instant every carriage is seen tearing away as hard as it can go, and the maidaun is left a desert, for the bardmen even have disappeared like magic. The first night the scene was enacted before our astonished eyes, we had no time given us for reflection, for the Syces, who are generally squatted down just under the horse's noses, sprang up, ejaculating the magic word "Tophane" (storm). The coachmen flogged the horses, and we were carried off full gallop-home, where a number of excited Chuprassees tore down the steps and hurried us into the house; barely in time to escape being choked, however, for, with all our haste, clouds of dust were whirling angrily past as the doors closed. It is really no joke to be caught in a dust-storm, for it sometimes lasts two hours, till you believe

the whole dust of the country must be blown away; and woe to the unhappy wight who, having neglected the warning signs of its approach, is far from friendly shelter. The dense darkness alarms the horse, who dares not move. If he did, you would be afraid to trust him. The blinding storm comes on so swiftly that your best plan is generally to remain perfectly motionless, though you expect the hood of your buggy to be blown away, and you lose sight of all landmarks in an instant. I have heard of people who have succeeded in reaching the inside of their own compound, and yet could by no means discover the house till the storm had passed by. I never was out in a violent one, but have been assured by ladies, that besides the discomfort of having your hair filled with sand, and your bonnet totally ruined, the smothering sensation is really alarming. Inside a house a dust-storm always creates a great commotion. As we sat at breakfast one morning, a number of Chuprassées, exclaiming "Tophane!" rushed in to secure all the windows firmly. If a cranny is left open,

every corner of the house is filled in an instant with sand, and adieu to all comfort for some hours. We ran quickly to our own rooms to see if all was prepared there, and then I stayed for an instant to watch the coming storm. A dense mass rising from the horizon forms a half-circle in the sky, light-brown at the edges, and growing an icy blackness in the centre: it approached with marvellous rapidity. In one instant huge dark masses were rolling on close to the house, driving before them flocks of birds, who were falling down, either choking or stunned. The darkness was instantaneous. As I turned from the window, it was impossible to distinguish a single object, I could hear Nora speaking, and Keith's voice in the distance sounded a long way off; but we were all obliged to remain exactly as we were till the black darkness passed away, and a thick orange smoke reigned instead, like the worst possible description of a London fog; and when that had cleared entirely off, the windows were thrown open. After all your care, it is impossible to keep the

sand quite out, and a thick white coat is generally spread over everything; but with all its disagreeableness, a dust-storm is considered rather in the light of a boon, as the air is thereby cooled and freshened, especially if it is followed by a few drops of rain, as is sometimes the case.

Just as the hot season was at its height, when we had received scores of visitors, and returned an infinity of morning calls, and when, after the arrival of our boxes, we had settled down to a variety of employments, our plans and arrangements were interrupted by Nora's falling ill. It was only fever, they said, and such illnesses are hardly noticed, they are so common. I know not what sanitary rule we had infringed, or what heedless imprudence we might have committed. We rode regularly every morning, and drove out every evening, and eschewed alike the dews of night and the heat of day; but these precautions seemed unavailing, and before I had well taken in this unexpected misfortune, Keith was laid up also, and I had them both on my hands.

I could not speak a word to any of the servants, and knew no one to whom I could apply for advice and assistance. Keith had only been appointed to the Dhoorghur station just before our arrival, so he had no intimate friends at hand. I spent my time entirely in Nora's room, except when Keith's respectable-looking bearer informed me the Sahib would see me. I was then much struck by the great superiority of native men-servants over women ditto. Keith's bearer sat day and night at the door of the room, and never seemed absent an instant from his post, always watchful and attentive; while our women, though very good-natured, had not the slightest idea of nursing, and were only in the way. I always found it far easier to do everything myself than attempt to explain it to them. I never dared to come out to dinner among all the Khitmutghars by myself, so lived on biscuits and soda-water in my own room, and, with the exception of the doctors' daily visits, never saw a European. I believe I was particularly unfortunate, for the kind-hearted helpfulness of

Indians is proverbial; but they are very much divided into cliques, and as all the civilians' wives had gone up to the hills for the hot weather, and we had no military relatives in the station, we belonged to no set, and were thus isolated. As Keith got however a little worse, two or three ladies would have volunteered in nursing her, but she was so miserably ill, to bear the presence of strangers, that James, becoming too anxious to be able to do any place to any one; but the utter loneliness of those few days went far to confirm all my previous hatred for India and longing for home, and the pitch of tension to which my nerves were strung may be imagined when I allowed hordes of rats to gambol round me unchecked, almost without a thought. At length the two doctors attending Nora gave up all hope of her recovery. Keith and I, hoping against hope, determined to try moving her to the hills. The medical men said the slightest exertion would kill her; but as they both agreed we must lose her at any rate, we determined to refer the point to herself, and she

instantly begged to be taken away. The doctors told her plainly she could not live six hours in a palkee, but she still preferred running the risk, and in the circumstances of both doctors, Keith carried her into her palkee. I stepped into mine and we started -- the saddest cavalcade that ever was seen. Keith and one of the doctors accompanied us. I believe they had no real hope. Mine never failed me, and I survived the agonies of that journey, never before conceived. We could travel only a few hours every night, going very slowly, and stopping every hour to give Nora nourishment. My palkee was tied to hers that I might fan her, as we could not make the bearers keep together in any other way, and the heat was suffocating; and then Indian travellers know the frightful noise they make at the changing stations, which it is impossible to prevent. Resting all day in dreary dak bungalows, with nothing to do but watch the failing breath that came every moment more and more faintly, surely in moments of desolation and exile like these, without a Heavenly



arm to lean on, the weary spirit must have flagged; but God always gives us strength according to our need.

There were many difficulties in the way of our journey to be overcome; from our constant change of places and short stages, the Coolies prepared for our palkees were very difficult to procure, and the dak had to be constantly fresh laid. There were post-rivers to be guarded against, and rivers to be crossed, swollen to a formidable extent by the monsoon showers. My hopes and expectations were too much bound up in Nora to care for or remark anything beyond, and Keith's indomitable energy carried us through all, to be more than rewarded at the end; for the first cool breezes of Mussoorie seemed to revive our sinking invalid, and though for weeks the new doctors shook their heads, and refused to speak with any certainty as to her recovery, to my eyes the improvement was steady and unvarying. Keith was obliged to leave us almost immediately, to return to his duties, but many friends crowded around us with offers of

sympathy and assistance; utter strangers to us even by name begged us to come to their houses, or desired to give us an undisturbed possession of part of them, so that I felt the seeming apathy of the ladies of Ohoorghur had been due only to the hot weather, not to any want of feeling in themselves. The first fortnight we spent in the hotel, and then moved into a house on one of the highest points of Landour.

Landour is just above Mussoorie, about six hundred feet higher. We preferred it because it was supposed to be healthier, and not being so fashionable as Mussoorie, is much quieter. One most annoying feature of Indian society is that you are obliged when ill to send for the doctor appointed to your station, or branch of the service, however much you may dislike him. Not knowing this piece of medical etiquette, I sent one evening for the nearest doctor from the hotel, and, after waiting an hour, received a polite note, saying it was quite impossible for him to attend professionally, and the doctor whom I was bound to send for lived

so far off I did not like disturbing him that night. I believe the man really could not help himself, and was very sorry to appear so feeble, but if Nora had been seriously injured by the want of advice that evening, it would have been no consolation to me to learn that the doctor regretted it as much as I did, but dared not break through the "red-tape" regulations of his profession.

As Nora began to fret, and I had time to look about me, I found we were established in as strangely constituted and independent a little household as I ever heard of, with a whole set of servants, none of whom could speak a word of English. First came the Aych, who, in her red and white drapery, was generally to be seen in the verandah, looking over at the prospect; a very smart Chuprassee, always standing about waiting for orders; our steady, quiet Khia, from Dhoorghur, who was only remarkable for stupidity, hard work, and the wonderfully lengthened drawl he could give to "bhote utcha," with which he answered everything he heard; a Khansamah, who was also a cook, and used to tease my life

out every night by insisting on knowing not only what I wished for dinner, but also breakfast, and the only conceivable dish for that meal whose name I knew was Kedgerree, and I soon grew weary of that: eggs we had seen enough of coming up country. I used to be quite annoyed every night to hear his low "Salaam Missy Baba" outside the door, knowing the long, tiresome colloquy which must ensue. At last, some benevolent ladies, taking pity on us, and came up nearly every evening to arrange these affairs for me. Our Khansamah, of course, always went about without shoes, and was very lame; no wonder, for he wore big brass rings on his toes that must have been very uncomfortable under any circumstances, but in shoes would have been quite unbearable. Next came a Sweeper, to keep the rooms in order; then a Bhicsie, to carry up water for the household. My fat grey pony had, of course, the same trim, dapper little Syce that took charge of him at Dhooerghur; Nora's jhampaun required six men, four to carry it and two to relieve guard, besides a Tyndal to look after them.

When a lady is going out here, instead of ordering up her carriage and pair as at home, she sends for her jhampaun and six,



THE JHAMPAUN.

the Tyndal taking the place of coachman. It is the fashion to dress your Jhampaunces in a kind of livery, which consists of a cap, tunic, belt, and trousers of black and red, grey and blue, or any other colour dictated by taste; black bound with red, though very common, is the colour best suited to their complexions. I have seen orange bound with black, and other vagaries gorgeous to behold. Each jhampaun is provided with a Tyndal, a man whose business it is to keep the men in order, have them

ready when you want them, and tell them at what pace to go; he also carries notes like a Chuprassee, and in the house trims the lamps and arranges furniture, &c. He is better dressed than the Jhampaunees, receives better wages, and thinks himself a very great man. Ladies always require a Tyndal, and gentlemen think him an utterly useless servant. It is very difficult to get men to enter your service except through a Tyndal. Though this man exacts a fee from each one, and can dismiss them at his pleasure, yet they imagine he protects them from tyranny, and will all leave in a body at his command. A Jhampaunee's wages are four rupees per month, and his dress costs about five shillings, and lasts him a season; a Tyndal's wages are five rupees per month, and his dress is about ten shillings. They are obliged to dress them, as their own clothes are sure to be very dirty, and besides, they always adopt the very smallest possible amount of clothing they can appear in.

Having been simply Coolies before, their dress elevates them at once into Jhampaunees.

I had directed our Tyndal, through a friend, to procure red-and-black suits for our men, but did not settle the colour of his own dress; accordingly, one day he came into the verandah of the room where Nora was lying, and counted out to us every individual article of the whole set, down to caps and waistbands. It was a sore trial of our risible faculties; however, we succeeded in preserving at least the appearance of rigid gravity, only to be more severely tried, for in a few moments the fussy Tyndal returned, and marshalling the whole line of Jhampaanees arrayed in their new attire, in the verandah, desired them to make their salaam to us.

Nora began to laugh, and turned her head to the wall to hide her face; I received their introduction with all proper decorum, and they ~~were~~ just retiring, when Nora lifted up her head to take a little peep at them, which the watchful Tyndal instantly observing, shouted to them all to return, and make another reverence to the "chota Missy Baba." This totally upset me, and I was obliged to fly from the room to preserve

my dignity. When I returned, I found the Tyndal arranging about his own costume, and insinuatingly presenting a delightful coat of pale mulberry, bound with blue, for our inspection, which he evidently admired extremely himself, but feared it would not meet with our approbation. I told him I liked nothing but blue, but he either did not, or would not, understand me, and soon after answered my call, dressed up in the obnoxious mulberry suit, over which his bronzed face looked so hideous, that we both exclaimed with horror, and made him understand we would positively have nothing to do with it whatever; and in a few minutes we saw a Coolie walking off with it, while the Tyndal stood with fobbed arms wistfully gazing after his departing quarry. He afterwards procured himself a black cotton velvet dress, with red pipings, in which, seeing nothing objectionable, we quietly acquiesced.

My pony "Grog," who had always been considered too stupid to do anything wicked at Dhoorghur, became so spirited under



the combined effects of long rest and the bracing qualities of his native mountain air, that it was difficult to know what to do with him. The first day I was able to ride on the hills (as a friend had come to stay with Nora), I ordered the pony out, and appeared in the verandah ready to mount, just as Mr. James, the clergyman, came up to ask after Nora. Nothing would induce the naughty pony to come near the house, and if I attempted to approach him, he commenced a series of clumsy gambols, tugging violently at his rein, and dragging the poor Syce round and round the little inclosure which had been levelled for a court-yard: the weak little Syce had barely strength enough to hang on to the rein and run wherever he was pulled. Mr. James remonstrated strongly with me on the impropriety of riding so dangerous an animal. Certainly the paths were very narrow, and the khuds (precipices) very deep, but really it was too absurd to be baffled by a creature that I had always looked upon as a kind of old cow. I tried coaxing—"Poor old pony!" "For-

fortunate that it is old," said the kind clergyman, "it will be sooner quiet." I had him blindfolded, but none of the men there could mount ~~me~~, and the least scrape on the gravel sent him off capering worse than ever; but my determination rose with "Grog's" obstinacy, and at last I had the satisfaction of mounting him. But all my troubles were not over; he was so nervous, the waving of a bough made him start, and so skittish, that the appearance of any figure in the distance was the signal for another series of kickings. I was obliged ~~unwillingly~~ to submit to the man's leading him past, to save myself the trouble of fighting for ever.

This tiresome fit lasted for several weeks, and was a source of continual annoyance to me in our daily airings round the hill. These daily airings were almost the only object of interest in our otherwise uneventful day. As soon as we announced to the Ayah that we were ready to start, she disappeared to inform the Tyndal, who instantly ran out to collect the Jhampaunces, and in a few minutes they appeared with the machine. Nora,

being too weak to sit up, had a lying-down jhampan; and when the interior had been scientifically filled up with pillows, the Chuprassee, Tyndal, and two of the Jhampannees, each taking an end of the mattress Nora was lying on, lifted it bodily into the jhampan, thus saving her all trouble of moving. Nothing could have been more gentle and thoughtful than the way in which these rough, untutored men always treated Nora during her illness. Then the Ayah put into the jhampan two or three extra parasols, cloaks, some extra seats — anything she thought might be wanted on the way. Nora always went off as she had been dressed for the morning. Her hair had all been cut off during her fever, and was now short and curly, so that her head on the pillow looked like a child's of ten or twelve years old; in that position it was very inconvenient for her to wear a hat, and I saw not the slightest impropriety in her going without one, particularly as we rarely met any one in our quiet neighbourhood. But the good people around thought differently, and after two or

three hints on the singularity of our proceedings, poor Nora was obliged, in deference to public opinion, always to have a bat at hand, ready to pop on if any English person approached us.

As soon as the usual operation of fighting with and blindfolding my pony was accomplished, we prepared to start. I often wished some one would daguerreotype our procession—it would have made a most characteristic group. First, in his own estimation, stood our dandy Chuprassee, with his long sword, and little red turban, firmly stuck on one side of his head; the Jhampan, with its six picturesque bearers in their red-and-black uniforms, and the Tyndal, walking in all the conscious pride of superior rank and attire; and my knowing-looking pony and dapper little Syce, with his classical features and haughty expression: he never even heard if any of the Jhampannees spoke to him, but walked on in dignified silence, only rousing up at my voice. My pony was perfectly intoxicated by the bracing air, and was always on the look-out for something to

shy at. The sun coming out very bright, I asked for a parasol, which the Tyndal officiously fetched out of the jhampaun; but unfortunately the Ayah had put in one with a pink lining, and nothing would induce "Grog" to allow it to come near him. The more the Tyndal kept presenting it to me, like an exaggerated rose, the more determinately did "Grog" dance about, and blunder up against the Jhampaunees, who, always dreadfully frightened of horses, looked upon him as the very incarnation of mischief, and dodged about dreadfully, so that, fearful they would drop Nora in their alarm, I tried to give up the contest. The Syce very slyly handed me the offending parasol, closed, from behind, but "Grog" kept his eye on me, and the faintest flutter of fringe or the least noise sent him off capering again, and the whole scene was re-enacted. "Grog" was, in fact, the exciting element of our day: he refused to allow any parcel, basket, or bundle to pass him, and particularly objected to umbrellas. When any such appeared in the distance, the Syce ran on ahead, impe-

riously calling on the people to stand out of the way, put their umbrellas down, and hide their bundles in the bank. The Jhampaunees, in mortal terror lest the ferocious animal should trample them down, all joined in ordering any approaching native to get away, as a very fierce horse was coming; so we advanced in a kind of Royal Progress.

All the men vied with each other in procuring most gorgeous flowers for Nora. Her jhampaun looked like a huge nosegay by the time we returned to the house. The Tyndal, having been used to children, only thought of obtaining the largest and gaudiest blossoms, but the Chuprassee had much better taste, and sometimes made up very elegant bouquets; even my Syce was fired with emulation, and would climb a khud to gather a pretty orchis, or some rarer flower. Sometimes the pillars of her jhampaun were tastefully decorated for her edification—sometimes a most elaborate bouquet was arranged, a firm, tall stalk forming the centre; around this various flowers were tied on in

round, all it looked like a multitude of different blossoms growing from the same stem. The Tyndal ones made up a large magnificent bouquet of this description, with a bunch of bright red berries in the middle. All the time he was making it, however, he was warning us that they were poison; when it was finished, he seemed still very uneasy in his mind about it; at length, fearing, I suppose, that it would be impossible for Nora to help eating one, he pulled them out and flung them over the cliff, substituting a large dahillia in their place. They could not at first understand our delight in discovering an unknown or rare fern, and our preferring an insignificant-looking leaf to a brilliant flower appeared incomprehensible to them; they would pick every flower on the bank we pointed to before coming to the desired leaf. But they are too well accustomed to those kind of vagaries on the part of English people to be astonished at anything. These ferns are one of the most striking objects to a new comer. The trees, branches, and trunks, are covered during

the rains with long, thick moss, which forms a splendid bed for ferns; they grow accordingly with the most extraordinary profusion, enveloping the tree entirely by their luxuriant and varied foliage, thus obliterating the original leaves of the poongree, which look small, dark, and shrivelled in comparison.

Twice every day did we perform the circuit of the two Landour hills, and heartily sick of them we were. One undeniable advantage of Mussoorie certainly is the greater variety of rides close at hand.

Our house was perched up on a little promontory, seven thousand feet high; a narrow neck of land connected it with the Landour hill. We seemed to be at the end of all civilisation; beyond us there was nothing but the dark, melancholy mountain peaks, as far as the eternal snows. On one side we could trace the Gogra river winding its silvery way through a deep valley, the sides dotted with native villages, which, almost invisible by day, shone out at night like fiery planets. In front of us lay Mussoorie, six hundred feet below our level;



and beneath, stretched far away, that lovely green garden of the valley of the Dhoon, bounded by the fantastic blue peaks of the low Sewallick range; and beyond them the plains of India, as far into the hazy distance as the eye could reach. In the still valleys far below us we could always see the Lammergeys sailing about.

When we first entered our house it was entirely enveloped in mist, and for many days I was far too much occupied with Nora to think of looking out; but never can I forget my thrill of delight, when, for the first time, the clouds cleared away, and the lovely valley of the Dhoon lay stretched before me in all its ethereal fairy-like beauty. How can I describe the singular effect of thus living literally up in the clouds? they are above and around you; they fill the house. You cannot even see the pillars of the verandah outside your window; pile after pile, the gigantic masses roll ceaselessly by, continually changing their shapes, but always retaining their unvarying dull, leaden colour—one moment revealing short glimpses

of richly-wooded khuds and rocky defiles, then wrapping them silently again in impenetrable gloom. No one can conceive the strange, startling effect of these sudden peeps into cloud-land. A rent is made in the veil surrounding you; through a little space you could cover with your hand, you see miles and miles away, through the Dhoon, peaceful green fields and trees, and quiet rivers, and the pale, pure blue of the Sewallicks in the morning, or its tremulous rosy tint in the evening. You gaze with breathless awe, but, alas! in one fleeting second the beautiful vision has vanished, leaving you half uncertain whether it was a veritable glimpse into "faerie land," or an illusion altogether. Of course, if the sun happens to be shining behind one of these cloud-pictures, the effect is indescribably enhanced.

As the season advances the rain is something astonishing—a perfect torrent pouring on day and night, without cessation; so you can scarcely hear yourself speak in the house from the clatter of the drops on the roof. Down it comes, till you believe every atom

of soil and vegetation must inevitably be swept away, and all the houses be carried down in the flood. In England there is a fall of about thirty inches of rain scattered throughout the whole year, but here a hundred and six inches must fall in three months; consequently, no wonder it comes down with a will, as if it had no time to spare. At Cheecunee, higher up, I am told there is a fall of six hundred inches during the rains; but I see no object to be gained by going to such a place, as one could easily stand under a waterfall at home, and so realise the sensation to perfection.

But when the rains begin to break up, what language can describe the marvellous beauty and endless variety of the Himalayan sunsets? No word-picture, however truthful, no artist's hand, however skilful, can hope to approach their sublime magnificence. You may talk of glowing gold and flaming scarlet; you may picture the small floating clouds, looking quite black against the fiery crimson behind, and the dark, palpitating, purple mountains, rearing their solemn heads

high into the soft paly green of the sky around—all this may give you a vague, soothing idea of grandeur—but the reality! you cannot imagine it; you must go there to see for yourself, and feel awed by the mysterious immensity of God's world.

We lived about two months in a state of perfect seclusion, refusing all visitors of the male sex, and were beginning to be rather tired of it. The rains were enough to try any one's patience, though we went out resolutely every day in spite of them. Nana had thick black damask curtains to her jhannpau, which, when let down, effectually excluded all camp, while I encased myself in a bear-skin jacket, and, rejecting all protection from an umbrella, faced everything. All the ladies at Mussoorie, when on horseback, indulged in coats or paletots of all colours and shapes: some appeared in light drab pea-jackets, with huge pearl buttons; others in mackintoshes; but the unfortunate feathers in their hats always presented a woebegone and dragged appearance when saturated with rain. I felt quite proud of mine, which,

being an emu's plume, did not absorb the moisture to the extent ostrich or cock's feathers did.

But the rains began to pass over at last, and Keith obtained his leave and came up to Landour. Nora being now able to join us in our ride, we frequently bent our steps to the Mussoorie Mall, which was crowded every evening with fashionables. The elderly ladies and great invalids were carried in champauns, which were an intolerable nuisance to the equestrians, and doubtless the latter were equally disagreeable to the former. Then the Mall is by no means unlimited in space; it is a winding road on the side of the hill, and a slight wooden railing guards the side that slopes down to the valley; there are some very sharp turns, trying to nervous people, when you know that most likely four or five wild horsemen are sure to come flying round them full upon you; and up and down this Mall the greater part of the Mussoorie community delight to gallop at the greatest extent of speed they can urge their horses to achieve.

endangering life and limb to a frightful degree, not of themselves only, but their neighbours also. Natives are proverbial for their dread of horses, and the Champuncos sway from side to side of the Mall, while the reckless riders fear left and right, no one thinking of keeping their own proper side. Hair-breadth escapes are daily enacted. Our unfortunate friend, Dr. Hind, as usual managed to get into the midst of it. When riding peacefully one evening, with his Syce by for protection, a lady, on a spirited steed, suddenly turned the corner, swept past him, turning him clean into the outstretched arms of his attendant, and disappeared before he had time to see who it was. He was luckily unhurt—thanks to his precautions of preparing for the worst—but had only breath enough left to request his Syce to help him on his pony again, and lead him safe from such a dangerous neighbourhood. Numbers of people get spilt from violent collisions round these corners. One is named “Danger Point,” yet no one thinks of moderating his speed, or making arrangements to keep

the jhampauns apart. Then the slight railing is a very insufficient safeguard. Indian horses are a pugnacious race, and have a peculiar fondness for occasionally getting up on their hind legs, rearing, biting, and fighting with each other to an alarming extent, till the weakest is driven to the dangerous side, and sometimes disappears down the khud. Nevertheless, the Mall is always well patronised, and we enjoyed the excitement immensely.

We received an invitation one day to a picnic given by the Picnic Club, at a place called "Swetenham's Bungalow," some eight miles off, and were recommended to start about twelve. We had not the least idea of the distance, so confidently trusted to our friend's advice, and entered our jhampauns at the hour mentioned on the appointed day. We went on in good faith for about an hour, fully occupied in admiring the scenery, and new peeps of the snowy range we occasionally discovered; but when another hour passed by, and still no signs of any human habitation, we began to fear that our Jhampaunees were walking off with us, and but for

their evident reluctance to proceed, should have been seriously alarmed. After some deliberation we commenced a polyglot inquiry of how much farther we had to go; when, to our dismay, the Tyndal pointed out a speck in the distance, saying that was the Sahib's bungalow. We now began to pass Khitmutghars returning with bundles of crockery, signs that dinner was over; and when we *did* reach the rendezvous, we found the party busily engaged in playing at "Consequences," and we were thankful to sit down at a respectful distance, with a gentleman who, like our selves, had come too late to get any supper. No, but what the remaining Khits generously contributed some scraps they did not particularly want themselves, after which slight repast we commenced a survey of our companions, in return for the very liberal one they had bestowed on us; we saw at least forty ladies and gentlemen, many of whom were personally known to us, but seemed determined to ignore our presence, till, a new game being started, some stragglers came in, amongst



them Mr. and Mrs. Percy, who at once came forward to greet us, and we ventured to draw near the larger group. The "Consequences" had been given up, from the highly personal reflections they contained, and a peculiarly sensible game instituted in their place. This consisted of a stake fixed in the ground, a circle marked round it, and some paper packet carefully balanced on the top of the stake; a distance of six or seven paces is then marked off, and a short stick is handed to a lady, who, standing at the proper distance, flings it at the stake, causing the packet to fall down; if it falls outside the marked line it becomes her property, if within, she retires, and another takes her place. Of course the most inappropriate articles are put up: thus a dignified elderly gentleman received a pair of hair-cushions; an exquisite, a wooden doll; and a fashionable lady a short pipe.

We were rather astonished, after the minor value of these prizes, to see a valuable diamond ring put up by the club secretary, and still more so when his wife

won it; but we afterwards discovered it was an amiable ruse to cause more excitement, the ring in question being the lawful property of the lady herself. I am sorry to say we soon grew tired of looking on at this intellectual game, and Keith having arrived, we made a small exploring party, sketching; and on returning, in an hour's time, we found the place deserted: nothing remained but well-picked chicken bones and scraps from the "Consequences," some of which we took the liberty of reading, and thought them extremely impertinent. As Keith was going down to Dehra for a few days shooting, he left us on the road; and the forlorn gentleman, who had been a fellow-sufferer with us through this very stupid day, kindly saw us home, not much gratified with our first specimen of an Indian picnic.

I never can forget the excitement Mussoorie was thrown into at the prospect of the fifty ball; long will it be remembered in the annals of the place how the storehouses of every one's brain were ransacked for becoming costumes, and what frightful histo-

rical blunders were made. All scandal was stopped a month beforehand, people being too busy to invent aught but their dresses. Mrs. Ludlam's shop was cleared out, and trumpery her wildest dreams had never hoped to sell turned out the "very thing." Johnstone, the tailor, ran his fingers madly through his hair, and protested he had no sleep or rest day or night. At the same time, weariness of mind could not subdue the natural flippancy of his tongue, for on a rather portly gentleman being measured for a Dr. Johnson's coat, he facetiously remarked: "For, sir, why you cuts into more velvet than even Martin himself, sir." This undignified mention of himself naturally reached the said "Martin's" ears. He being a gentleman of amiable but princely deportment, took upon himself to remonstrate with the offending "snip," thereby destroying that worthy's scant remnant of equanimity, and causing the destruction of at least two dresses.

The dear secrets every one kept up, and how some one found a pair of false calves

being sent to Mr. Jones, which, of course, was circulated on the Mall that evening, with the addition, that when Mr. Jones tried them on, they would come round to the front of his legs if he moved about, thereby causing a singular and novel appearance; how Mrs. Ludlam, being sworn over to secrecy, exhibited a pair of elegant gauze and tinsel wings, and then was aghast to find that it was guessed they were intended for a fairy.

As I had never appeared in fancy dress since the time I was five years old, and personated a juvenile Parsee, I had no antecedents to go by, and many a long discussion did it involve. At last it was settled that we should represent two French village girls; and notwithstanding many qualms as to the propriety of displaying our ankles, our short red petticoats were satisfactorily accomplished.

That unfortunate being, Dr. Hind, who never stirred without an accident, came up from Dhoorghur for the ball, and his pony wickedly pitched him down a khud, from

which he emerged considerably bent and bruised; but a skilful application of arnica and court plaister made a whole man of him, and rather added to the effect of his extremely picturesque attire. He was the happy possessor of a brilliant orange coat, through the back of which the rats had eaten their way. This was mended up; and a pair of voluminous white satin trousers, with a Topsy looking turban, completed his characteristic costume. As it was difficult to assign him to any particular nation, he was generally supposed to represent the "Great Mogul" as he appears on Indian medals. The bruised state of his nose being explained, according to the popular tradition, as the result of the castigation administered by the Emperor to the obnoxious blue-bottle. It was considered a very truthful get up on the whole.

Several quadrilles were formed, but the Old English was quite the A 1 of the evening, both for style, beauty, and grace. The dresses were really magnificent, but how those substantial hoops performed a waltz, I

know not, though I heard some of the gentlemen complain of the contusions inflicted on their knees. Our amiable little friend ~~Mr~~ Wren was there in a most appropriate dress, as "Buttons" to the Court Quadrille. Owing to the shrunken appearance of his rather man, before alluded to, he had resort to the expedient of adopting deep lace ruffles to his silk breeches, making him look like a small bantam in "Bloomers."

An extremely lanky Saladin caused many heartburnings amongst the young ladies, his wife having departed this life some three months previously. Saladin was an irreproachable dancer, but there was an indescribable something in the glaze of his scarlet and tinsel, a familiar air pervading the entire costume, that impelled one irresistibly to look for the wire handle, on turning which you felt persuaded the whole figure would perform one of those impossible somersaults that are so captivating to all juveniles. Chieftains of Scottish clans were there, who ne'er had seen the Scottish land, brave in pasteboard ornaments and strangely-

fashioned jackets; and Albanians, who had sacrificed their hirsute appendages at the command of lovely Greek maidens in tantalising spangled boots. As we wished to have something new, we determined on a *Domino Quadrille*, and having arranged our party, at a stated signal we retired to the cloak-room, and donned our sable cloaks and masks. We then made the tour of the rooms, and were edified by the remarks of those around us, who must have thought we had suddenly become deaf from the liberal comments they addressed us with; but many amusing mistakes of course arose, one lady treating my friend as some affectionate speeches, thinking him her husband. The best character of the evening was "Charlie Johnstone." To our astonishment, I recognised Nora's grave doctor's face in a Newhaven fishwife's mutch, croel on her back, and all complete. But the unfailing spirit he kept up contributed immensely to the evening's amusement.

But anything to equal the flood of scandal that transpired after the fancy ball: it beats description. As we rode down to the Mall

the succeeding afternoon, one after another, astonishing pieces of intelligence greeted us, till we thought Mussoorie had fairly taken leave of its senses. No less than eleven proposals had been made—more than half refused. “I assure you I heard it from the best authority,” said Mrs. Grey; “young Barton got his ‘jewauby’ last night, and he has in consequence thrown up the rest of his leave, and rushed down to the plains in despair.” “Impossible,” said another lady; “I heard Mrs. Phillips was dying to catch him for her daughter.” “Well, all I know is, that he was seen in a frantic state, going down to Rajpore; indeed” (on a sudden) “there were traces of tears on his face.” Unfortunately for the pathos of this narrative, the pause was broken by the identical hero of it, young Barton himself, entering pale, looking as rosy and happy as possible, and gaily chatting with the supposed hard-hearted Miss Phillips. Mrs. Grey having a few seconds before staked her diamond ring on the truth of her information, here thought it advisable to order her champagne to proceed.



"So," said the representative of the Great Mogul, "Mr. Leslie has been accepted by the fair widow, and poor Smith threatens him with a duel." Keith the night before had actually danced a quadrille for the first time with the lady in question. "Did you hear Miss May had refused Mr. Thayer because she said he had such thin legs?" while Miss Dornton told Mr. Escott "she was not going to take anybody else's leavings." And so the tide rolled on, and the climax was put by finding myself congratulated as the fiancé of a rickety-looking Bohemian, with a head considerably top-heavy.

The "Fancy Ball" had kept all gossip in abeyance, but now, that being off their minds, they all rushed back to the delights of criticising their neighbours, and repeating every one's sayings and doings with considerable additions. There is a frank simplicity about young ladies who have been educated on the hills truly refreshing to our more conventional manners, though at first slightly bewildering to unaccustomed ears. For instance, Miss May informed me "it was

so delicious to get a gentleman to walk home from a party beside her jhampahn, they did say such sweet things in the moonlight;" while Miss Dornton loudly complained "that this season she had had no admirers to speak of;" and on my informant asking her if she classed him as one of her suite, she pondered seriously for a few moments, then gravely replied, "No; I think you like to dance and flirt with me, but I don't consider you in love with me." And yet they say ladies never speak their minds! The same young lady used to ask gentlemen for advice about the various offers she had received, whether they thought she had done wisely in refusing or accepting, as the case might be. My cousin had been quizzed on his supposed rejection by a pretty girl he knew very little of, and as he was rather a cool young gentleman, he one evening, when dancing with her, for want of something better to say, told her that he had just been informed that she had rejected him with scorn. The young lady looked up instantly, saying, "I should not have done so if you had asked me." Malcolm

set himself in a scrape, and replied, that as he had been engaged some time, it amused him to hear people say such foolish things. The engagement was all a sham, but was the best device he could go in for at the moment.

But by far the best pic-nic we saw in the hills was one given by Mr. and Mrs. Percy. They somehow contrived to have all the most pleasant people, and there was a constant succession of amusements. Fire-arms seemed the order of the day, and I really expected some unfortunate blackie would receive a stray bullet or two, for the creatures are so greedy after the lead that is fired, they will run any risk to secure it. Bottles were put up in all directions, and sent flying by the experienced marksmen. As the excitement grew keener, Mr. Davies suggested throwing a hat in the air and firing at it. He instantly commenced flinging his own wide-awake up, and with unerring aim perforated it every time. A Captain Wilson, ambitious of distinguishing himself, requested leave to have a shot at it — a permission readily

granted, on condition that he (Captain Wilson) allowed one in return at his glossy ten-and-ninepenny. Captain Wilson acceded, never thinking Mr. Davies would have the heart to injure his brand-new headpiece, and in all complacency succeeded in hitting the already riddled wide-awake. "Now's my turn," said Mr. Davies, snatching up his rifle. "Off with your hat, Wilson." Captain Wilson was aghast. What seriously desecrate his beloved beaver? Surely not. Mr. Davies was inexorable, and, moreover, not a man to be trifled with; for, cocking his rifle, he said, very gravely, "I tell you what, Wilson, if you don't instantly send that hat of yours up, I'll just fire at it on your head." And he deliberately raised the weapon to his shoulder. This was growing peckish, and as Captain Wilson preferred risking his hat to his brains, he reluctantly tossed it up. The sharp crack rang out clear, and the hat fell minus a part of the brim, while Captain Wilson ruefully examined it, mentally vowing never to try such experiments again. We then adjourned to a tent erected for dancing. Many had

been the cogitations respecting the procuring of the band. The gallant Mr. Macgregor took it in hand, and promised to arrange matters with his colonel, rather a grumpy old gentleman, who, after acceding to the request of allowing the band to play, positively refused to hear of their walking such a distance. Again the dauntless Mr. Macgregor came to the rescue, and by dint of borrowing all his friends' rats and throwing open his own stable, the band duly appeared, their instruments and books slung behind, careering up the hill-side on every imaginable species of horse and pony, and of course in the highest of spirits. Some of the ladies preferring a rambling expedition to the archery many were engaged in, our amiable little friend, Mr. Wren, volunteered as a squire of dames, and took the lead, boldly calling on all to follow, and he would guide them safely. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a slip of his foot sent him rolling down the khud. A suppressed shriek of alarm was changed into unequivocal bursts of laughter, for the poor little man had been caught in his

perilous descent between the forked branches of a tree, which suspended him, like a golden fleece, by his coat-tails. In vain his kicks and struggles; he was too securely fastened. One or two of the ladies humanely ventured a short way down, and with long sticks commenced poking the unwilling inhabitant of the tree-top in hopes of extricating him; but whether from laughter or inability, they failed in dislodging him, and were compelled to seek for stronger help, which restored the blushing youth to a more natural position on *terra firma*, not soon to act as leader on such treacherous ground in future; and, after considerable merriment, we wended our way homewards, delighted with our day at Cox's bungalow.

Natives are so accustomed to look on the feminine members of their own race as inferior creatures altogether, that it is sometimes difficult for ladies to exact from them the proper amount of respect and submission. A native will always help a gentleman first at dinner, if not sharply looked after, and, as an habitual rule, ignores all

ladies' commands, as far as he can do so consistently with the safety of his place. When a lady hires a servant herself, he considers himself in some degree bound to her, but when a bachelor marries, his servants unite in being passively rude, and perfectly deaf to the new lady's orders; and a gentleman, to enforce obedience to his wife's rule, must particularly and pointedly say that he shall require for the Mem-Sahib, and expect from each servant in his establishment, the same obedience they yield to him. With exacted (in appearance at least) great respect both for himself and us; if any of the men-servants had to bring a message to our part of the house, after tapping at the door they would retire several feet back, and wait patiently with folded hands till some one came to attend to them.

The show of dahlias at Landow was something marvellous; they grow perfectly wild, and whole acres of khuds are covered with their showy blossoms. When you picked a flower of course it was generally almost single, but the effect of the whole was

gorgeous in the extreme, and I used particularly to admire them; when the turf underneath the plants was thickly strewn with their fallen leaves, the brilliant colours, mixed with the *Lycopodium* moss, made a carpet fit for *Titania*. The Jhampaunces were very fond of adorning themselves with dabbias; while waiting for us outside the church, they usually employed their time in the pleasing duty of sticking one behind each ear, much in the fashion of a horse's rosettes.

The conclusion of service was always the signal for a tremendous scene of confusion among the Jhampaunces, and it seemed a perfectly hopeless matter ever to think of finding your own among such a crowd of figures so undistinguishably alike: your only chance is to stand still till a Tyndal sees you, and then it is all right, but how people manage who have not a Tyndal I cannot conceive. The hill used to look quite gay on Sundays, with the various jhampauns going merrily home, and their bearers chanting their monotonous song. Keith one day



interpreted it for me, and it ran thus: "Go carefully now, my brothers, we are going down hill. Beware, there is a large stone on the left while on the right the road looks rough and uneven. Take care, go slowly, now, for we are turning, the path is very steep, and behold there is another Mem-Sahib coming to meet us; also in the distance is a horse appearing. Take care, take care." And so it goes on, while the men behind repeat, in murmuring cadence, "Take care, take care."

Towards the close of the rains, the continual landslips taking place all round us became quite alarming. You went down to Mussoorie by the usual path, and on returning in an hour's time, found it broken clean away, gone down the khud; and unless you are very careful, you have a great chance of following it. We have often been compelled to turn back, and retrace our steps a long way, from finding some path totally impassable, even for cat-like Jham-paunees or hill ponies. These landslips often threaten to overwhelm bungalows

perched in little nooks of the hills; indeed I should feel nervous at living in one, unless it had a good wide space behind. The darkness comes on so suddenly that we were often caught on the Mall, and had to find our way home as best we could. After two or three narrow escapes from unexpected landslips, if we had forgotten to have a lantern waiting at the foot of the hill for us, we never dared go on without borrowing one from the soldiers at the dépôt, or impressing some wandering native, by the hope of bucksheesh, to light us home. Natives never think of stirring without a light after dark, as they are dreadfully afraid of wild animals, thieves, and, above all, ghosts.

Keith had long determined to take us with him on a shooting excursion into the interior of the Himalayas, and I had always looked forward to the idea with unmixed pleasure. We had proposed undertaking a pilgrimage to Gangotri, the mysterious source of the holy Ganges, but having been tempted by balls and gaities to linger in Mussoorie till

there was not sufficient time for such a long expedition before Keith's leave expired, we gave up the plan, and Keith determined instead to march through a part of the Terree country, which was a less trodden route than the other, being out of our own territory altogether. We hoped to be able to reach the snows, and Keith had visions of adding a tahir to his hunting trophies, having shot specimens of almost every other species of game in the Himalayas save this. It is a kind of wild goat, very large, very wild, and only to be found close to the snows. As soon as the last ball of the season was over, we commenced making preparations for our jungle life. None of our lady friends had ever been on a similar expedition, so no one could give us the slightest information as to what we should require. The only fixed idea we had on the subject was that Keith announced he could only allow us one pittarah each for our personal luggage. We expected the weather to be frightfully cold further up, and we knew it was then very hot in the sun, so we must

prepare for all emergencies. Remembering our old mountain experience, we determined on a costume at once useful and original. Our black felt riding-hats divested of feathers and bows, the brims well turned down to protect our eyes, a thick roll of white muslin twisted round to shield our heads from the fierce rays of the sun, and blue veils to guard our complexions from its bad effects, riding-habit jackets buttoned up close to the throat, and short grey or blue skirts, with black cloth riding-trousers



JUNGLE COSTUME.

strapped under the boots (the said straps were discarded after the first day as impracticable), the heels of our boots well studded with nails, and a long stick with a spike at the end, which Keith thought would assist us to climb, and you have a picture of what we thought a very sensible and suitable dress for the jungle. We could not quite do without any kind of feminine adornment, so the muslin ends of the pugheree which hang down the back were ornamented with little red stripes, which Keith declared would scare away all the game, and as we were obliged to conclude that muslin sleeves would be very much in the way, we had little scarlet flannel ones sewn into our jackets. Keith himself adopted an entire suit of dingy olive-green, helmet and all covered to match, which was always his shooting colour, to deceive the poor deer and other animals, so that in a wood or on a hill-side it was difficult to distinguish him.

When our expedition to the interior was fully arranged, Keith wrote a letter to the

Rajah of Teree, requesting him to send us two of his Chuprassees to accompany us on our wanderings, as it would facilitate our procuring provisions to have these men of authority with us, and a few days afterwards, on going for our evening ride, we met them on their way to our house, carrying huge tulwars (native swords), and bearing a large missive from their master to Keikh, expressive of the Rajah's happiness in doing anything for our gratification. Then commenced a series of annoyances about Coolies: just at this season it was difficult to procure them, for the cold weather coming on, many families went down to the plains for the winter, and the Coolies had full employment without leaving their homes. At last, by sending to Rajpore, and offering four annas per diem, we succeeded in begotting a troop of ill-conditioned, dirty, ragged natives to surround our bungalow with professions of anxiety to enter our service; a better dressed one in the lot acted as spokesman. This was their Tyndal, and on hearing that we had one of our own, they refused to accompany

us, and were about to depart; but Keith, knowing that we should have the same difficulty with all others, determined to dismiss our own man, on which they agreed to stay; but our six Jhampaunces hearing of it, came forward, and vowed if their Tyndal went away they would follow him, till Keith reminded them that would be rather a losing transaction, as two months' wages were owing to them, which they would thereby forfeit: so, with much grumbling, they thought better of it.

You are compelled to keep your servants' pay one or two months in arrear, or they are sure to walk off and leave you when their services are most required. Then the laying in of provisions reminded us forcibly of our Calcutta experience, only we knew better what was wanted; and as it would be doubtful what we were to subsist on the first few days, a succession of tongues and salted humps were ordered, besides an important-looking piece of fat bacon, Keith having found from former experience that game alone was very dry eating, never

having any fat on it, wild animals taking too-much exercise for that substance. Tents were looked to, and numberless blankets put up. Nora having been an invalid, had a small charpoy, which was taken to pieces every morning and made up in the evening. Keith and I each possessed an india-rubber sheet, supposed to be a sufficient safeguard against damp. When the all-important topic of what we could do without had been arranged, it was determined books were an essential, so we made a special expedition to the Landour Library, and succeeded in hunting up some volumes, which had their full complement of pages, with the exception of "Lewis Arundel," which was minus its cover and some fifty leaves at the beginning and ending; but the old soldier in charge strongly advised us to take it, saying it was "such fine reading;" and very glad we were that we complied with his request, as it was the pleasantest companion we had. These filled one pitarah; and the man who carried it must have had a strong back. At last all was



ready. Our first march was to be Cox's bungalow, the scene of some of our pic-nics. This camping-place had been chosen on account of being an easy distance from Mussoorie, and we were to pass a night there to see if all had been properly arranged, and in case of any essential having been forgotten, it could be easily sent for. And there, on the site where we had dined and danced, a merry party, were now pitched our three tents—Keith's, ours, and though last, most important, the Bobbachee Khama, which I soon learnt to look upon with feelings of the greatest respect and affection. That first night was one of but little rest for us, what with the strangeness of our position, and having to make such shifts for room and conveniences; then the entrance to our tent being a simple flap of sailcloth easily raised, it seemed utter madness to think of sleeping when robbers or animals might so comfortably walk in; and as it did not quite close, we got glimpses of the dark blue sky and a star or two, and the boughs of trees over our tent, waving and looking mysterious in the night. The dogs,

too, were anything but happy, and kept howling and barking constantly; while the poor Ayah was so ill that we were afraid she would be unable to proceed next day.

In the morning we found breakfast laid on a folding-up table, under a venerable hill oak, and had great difficulty in keeping our seats from the uneven nature of the ground; but we had unusual luxuries in seats and a table, very few people on a shooting expedition caring for such encumbrances. Our ponies were ready saddled to carry us as far as it was practicable for them to go, after which we were to be disposed of in dandees.

A dandee is a machine of very simple construction, being a long pole, with a piece of sailcloth fastened to it for a seat, a rope is passed across the back to lean against, and the same to place the feet on; two men carry the pole on their shoulders, and you proceed sideways, crab fashion. It is a capital way of seeing the country, as nothing obstructs the view; but when ruthlessly dragged through thickets of thorns, as we often were, we wished for some defence for



THE DANDER.

our knees and back. If we mounted once that day we must have done so fifty times, for the path in many places did not deserve the name of one at all, and the ponies had to scramble down places where Nora wisely sat down and let herself slip; at last it got quite too bad for them, and with many a petting word and fond adieu we dismissed our four-footed favourites, but "Tommy," who

was an old campaigner, still continued with us, behaving precisely like a human being; the others were to remain at Landour, and there await our return from our expedition.

Our first experience of dandee travelling was down a hill-side, and I expected every moment to be forcibly ejected from my seat, and had to cling with my arms clasped round the pole; but we were rewarded by finding a perfectly tropical valley, abounding in ferns, many varieties quite unknown to us, and all in a profusion and luxuriance that would have sent a botanist into raptures. The Dandee-wallahs were highly amused at our excitement, for we insisted on being set down, and rushed frantically from one beauty to another, calling to each other to admire, while our men patiently sat down and enjoyed a smoke: their hookah never was idle; it was always making a round, and each took a few whiffs and passed it on: they seemed to consider that it had a reviving effect, but it appeared to me to set them off coughing, till I expected them to choke. But we dared not delay, as we had a long march before us, and the last

rays of the sun were tipping the hills as we entered the Valley of the Ogilevar river, which Keith had destined as our first camping-place. The banks of the valley were cultivated throughout the whole length of it, fields of rice sloping one over the other, like the vineyards of the Rhine. We chose some cleared fields for our camping-ground, and had to wait patiently two mortal hours for our tents to arrive. This taught us a lesson: always to despatch them some time before we ourselves started, that the men might have things in readiness on our arrival.



BREAKFAST IN THE JUNGLE.

Finding, however, that after the first morning waiting for breakfast delayed our starting too far into the heat of the day, we determined in future to despatch one Khitmutghar and some camp equipage very early to some appointed spot, there to await our arrival. But before leaving our camping-ground, Nora and I always insisted on having some chupatties by way of breakfast. Keith had so accustomed himself to do without any but necessary meals, that he considered early chupatties an absurdity, and no doubt the Khitmutghar thought the same; but as we were turned out very early, and knew we had no chance of any breakfast till twelve, or some indefinite time after that, we were positive on the point, and some very thick underdone chupatties, and a tumbler of water, always made their appearance with the Ayah in the morning. Sometimes we got a little butter with them, then we thought ourselves very well off; but often the Khits were too idle to make butter, or could not procure milk (in which case Nora and the Khit

always had a difference of opinion on the subject), and then they sent us in guava jelly—a very good thing in its way, but when you have a large lump of it given you to eat with a half-raw flour-and-water cake, I must confess it is rather difficult to swallow. During our morning refection, we often heard Keith's voice outside the tent: "I say, when are you two coming out? The men are waiting for those plates, and unless your tent goes off soon, it will hardly be up in time for you to-night."

The operation of making butter is so simple, that it was really a great shame the men did not always have it made for us. Some milk is put into a bottle, and a



KEITHMUTGHAR AND COOLIE.

man sits straining it until the butter comes. It is just the kind of indolent occupation a native enjoys. Keith was greatly amused once to find we had been eating butter made of buffalo's milk, without being aware of it; but really, except for its very pale colour, I saw no difference. Sometimes it was very difficult to procure milk at all; the people would refuse altogether to sell it. Then they keep it in such dirty wooden vessels, that unless you have it milked into your own basins at once, it is worse than useless, as it turns sour instantly. When we stopped to breakfast about noon, the villagers would often say there was no milk; the morning's milk was done, and they could not get any more till late in the afternoon. Keith would try to reason with them, that the milk would not be creamed like a flash of lightning, just at four o'clock when they went to milk, but was collecting little by little all day, and if they would go now they would doubtless be able to procure as much as he wanted. But reasoning is generally utterly wasted on a native; the dis-



mission usually required by us having to take what we were given. It always required three men to carry a bowl of milk into camp: first went the Terec Chuprassee, to show we had the Rajah's authority for all we did; our man Keniah went to see the other did his duty, and to enforce orders; and last, the goatman to carry the milk, which, of course, neither of the others thought of touching.

After the first two nights in camp, that miraculous pony, "Tommy," was sent home, as it was utterly impossible for him to proceed any farther, and no living pony save himself could have got so far. It was popularly reported among the servants that he could scale a straight wall, but even *his* remarkable powers failed before the formidable crags we encountered, and "Tommy Tattoo" and his amusing tricks departed from our camp. By the way, that is an absurd peculiarity of all natives—they will persist in adding each animal's class to his name, just like Christian and surname, as Tommy Tattoo, Harry Coutah (dog), Minnie Pussie. I think Keith's little Ghoorka Chuprassee

Keniah deserved the notice. He was an energetic, restless fellow who always looked so wide awake that you expected his eyes would inevitably fall out of his head. He affected a kind of gamekeeper's style of dress, and was a first-rate Shikaree (hunter), enjoying the sport as much as his master did, and was the only man in whose courage Keith placed any confidence. In case of emergency, especially in the dangerous and apparently fascinating pursuit of elephants, as a general rule, when you have fired off one gun, and turn hastily round to receive a second from your attendant, you find he has taken to his heels at the first glimpse of the enemy, and is already half a mile behind.

When we brought Nora up to the hills during her fever, Keniah rode a little taty beside my brother's palkee the whole way, and was ready to turn his hand to anything, acting as his personal servant all the time; and those who understand natives will know what a stretch of complaisance that was. These little Ghoorkas are as strong as hill ponies and as brave as lions. I have heard gentlemen, after shooting expeditions, speak-

ing in raptures of the joys of endurance and good fellowship. When provisions failed, they cheerfully lived on Abernethy biscuits and whisky, throwing caste to the winds. Their reverence for the sacred cow, however, is too strong a prejudice to be lightly overcome; and there was a serious disturbance in the Ghoorka battalion in the Dhoon in consequence of the European perchant for beef. Now whenever the inhabitants of Dehrah desire to taste the forbidden food, they have to send up a secret message to Mussoorie, and a Coolie brings down a covered basket, in blissful ignorance of what it contains. How utterly ridiculous these prejudices of "caste" appear to us. A gentleman at Dehrah told us all his Coolies threatened to leave one day because they discovered a tallow candle in their lantern, that being an article they have a mortal aversion to; he showed them, however, that the strap of a champagne they daily carried were made of leather, equally part of a dead animal, and they principally gain their livelihood by being Champagnees,

it would not do to say anything about them contrary to their views, so they thought better of it, and remained with him.

It is difficult at first to persuade oneself that the black from a native's hand will not come off on anything white. Among our sticks was one a great favourite of the Janglee men. The handle had evidently been scorched, I suppose to straighten or otherwise improve its appearance; and it was consequently quite black. Mera polished it out to me, after it had been in use many days, saying, "There, I always said the colour came off these people's hands, and now you see it does."

Hill people have few or none of those absurd prejudices about caste that warp the minds of the plains men. The high-class Mussulmans on the Afghanistan frontier will often join our officers at mess, if they are previously assured there is no pork on the table, and these Hindoos, Rajpoots, as they call themselves, Khatris, and, care less, about that obnoxious word "caste," unless some officious plains people explain it all to

them. Travellers, however, are, of course very mischievous in this way. Keith always acted with the severest displeasure any such case of tampering with the simple minds of the mountaineers that came to his knowledge. One day he offered a lump of guava jelly, left from our morning chupatties, to a village boy, who began to eat it with great relish, but was instantly called aside by one of our Coolies, and duly instructed in the exceeding impropriety of touching any food belonging to a Feringhee, and the child threw away the sweetmeat with disgust. Keith instantly had the offending Coolie summoned to his presence, and after a severe reprimand he was turned out of camp.

We had now fairly left civilisation behind, and began to enter with full zest into the enjoyment of the free wild life of the jungle. Every night we pitched our transient home in some new spot, generally in the neighbourhood of some village, keeping at a respectful distance, however, because there are no sanitary regulations in force in these parts, and we often had cause to remember

Coleridge's remark, "that he had traced seventy distinct diabolical smells in Cologne," and thought our hill villages first cousins, in some respects, to the far-famed cathedral town; but it was necessary to consider that our Coolies purchased their "otta"—the coarse flour, which is their principal food—every day. These poor creatures were well pleased when they could get otta, which was not always the case, although we had the Rajah's permission, backed by the presence of his Chuprassee, to take as much as we wanted, at a tariff of prices fixed by himself, yet the villagers often put the poor men off with *mundoor*, a horrible seed, which looks very like buckwheat when growing, but when made into *chupatties* (for we tried some as an experiment) tastes as much like baked mud as anything I can conceive, never having eaten the latter compound. There is one lovely crop on these hills, and the seed from it is really very nice, baking fresh and crisp; they call it "*Bâton*," but it is just what we call Prince Regent's Feather at home; and no one can imagine

its brilliant effect on the hill-sides in masses who has only seen stiff single plants. It is much larger in size here than with us, and varying in shade from the palest pink to the deepest scarlet, and from the most delicate straw to a dark olive. Its glowing tints give a richness to the colouring of the landscape quite inconceivable.

One of our dandee men was a Punjabee, a very active, restless fellow, a perfectly different type and temperament to the others. We called him the "Zouave," from his predatory habits: he had all the mercurial light-heartedness of a Frenchman, and was the established wit of the party. Whenever we neared a village he was always despatched by his companions to forage, and collected stores of gourds, cucumbers, and such-like luxuries, often bringing down on his devoted head storms of abuse from some offended villager—an attack he seemed always to parry with consummate impertinence, to judge from the stermment of his companions. Always in good spirits, and inclined to make light of all discomfort,—always the first to insist on

running up some extra steep hill, and the first to declare he should die on reaching the summit, — our Zouave generally contrived to keep himself and companions in good humour all day.

Our dandee men held themselves quite aloof from the other Coolies, owning no brotherhood with them, or obedience to their Tyndal. They had such a number of bundles to carry, that after the first day we were obliged to allow them a Coolie for their baggage alone. The two eldest men ruled the little band, fighting all the battles, and purchasing all provisions for the common store; of course the Zouave was always in the thick of everything that was going on, but the younger members seemed to yield unquestioning allegiance to their seniors, and waited patiently by when any knotty point was being discussed. There was one red-haired man who had excited great attention at Landour, no one ever having seen a Jhampawnee with anything but black hair before; he constituted himself our special body-guard, and wherever we wandered, we



were sure to find our faithful attendant close at our heels, just like a dog, and it was equally difficult to get rid of him.

Whenever we saw, as we were being carried past, any pretty flower or leaf, pointing towards it, we called out "Do, do" (give), until after two or three snatches at ugly or common flowers, the desired object was attained; very often, however, they refused to pick some especially gorgeous flower or berry, but following the usual plan of treating us like children, would shake their heads, saying, "Krab" (bad), and push hastily on out of the way of temptation. No doubt we sometimes wanted poisonous things, but I am quite sure they often said so just to prevent our stopping too often. There was one creeper especially which flung itself in beautiful festoons from the highest trees, with large bunches of thick long pods, covered with a strange, shiny, woolly substance, hanging in tempting profusion close to us. I often asked for this pod, but never could get it, till one day, having set us down to rest beside a stream, the men occupied in

washing their hands and faces, chattering and smoking, Nora and I climbed up and secured some very fine specimens, which we proceeded to inspect. I broke some of the pods open, and we were examining the fur round them, when some of the hair (getting through my gloves, I suppose) made my fingers grow suddenly hot, and begin to swell. I pulled off my gloves, and was looking ruefully at my red hands, when the dandee men discovering what we were about, set up a shout of laughter at the scrape the Missy Babas had got into. It was no use to look offended, as I felt inclined to laugh myself. I dipped my hands into the water, but without effect, and then one of the men went and fetched some kind of leaf, which he pounded between two stones, and pouring a little water over it, desired me to lay the poultice so made over my wounded fingers; it cured the smarting directly. Nora not having broken open any of her pods was not so badly off, and the men pitched away the remainder of the offending seeds, and all the rest of the day were making joking allu-

sions among themselves about those wretched pods, as I could hear "Missy Baba" continually repeated. They had never heard of Eve, or no doubt that would have been their text.

Were I to note the various changes in the (always lovely) scenery we passed through, it would be a continual chant of all the superlatives in the English language; and second-hand raptures are apt to be fatiguing; but I must allude to the flowers. Everything in the vegetable world grows on such a large scale, and in such profusion, it wearies your senses to take them all in, particularly when you feel keenly your botanical education has been sadly neglected. In some of the valleys and rivers the most exquisite creepers were growing in the wildest luxuriance, and with a wealth of blossoms that cannot be described. The grasses are so enormous, and mingled with plants of such startling singularity, that again and again you pathetically repeat, "Why was I not taught botany?" These grasses are often much higher than yourself, and clinging on their

stems are gigantic grasshoppers, and such fabulous-looking insects, that I was often reminded of that picture representing the Brobdignag farmer's hand picking up Gulliver from the field, in which the stalks, leaves, and insects are all painted such an exaggerated size. Pushing our dandees through the tangled network of jungle was sometimes very hard work, particularly when I had my umbrella up. Having broken my parasol the first day, I borrowed from a Chuprassee a blue cotton umbrella, with brass handle and top, worthy of Mrs. Gamp. This saved me some scratches, but often I was obliged to put it down, and then it was real purgatory: our collars were torn to pieces, our hats dragged off, and left hanging on trees; at night we often found our necks skinned, and bleeding from the thorns, and as for dresses, some Rifle officers who joined us afterwards declared they could easily trace us all the way by the shreds left in the briars, and brought us some scraps to prove their words.

We camped one night beside Makhian, a purely Brahminical village, containing a large

temple dedicated to the idol Narg (literally a serpent), in whose honour, I suppose, they were blowing horns, and making hideous noises all night. Our presence created an immense sensation, such a sight never having been seen in the village before. Even our Ayah was followed about by people shrieking out "Balatee!" (foreigner) till, dreadfully frightened, she took refuge in our tent, from whence nothing could induce her to emerge. The villagers rapidly collected, and were seated in rows on the bank near our tents for the purpose of gazing their fill on the strangers. It was just like a theatre. When the people in the dress circle had satisfied their curiosity they retired to the back, and their seats were instantly filled by others in constant succession till night closed in. In the mean time, however, we had very nearly come to a dreadful dispute with them, for Brahmins are the most idle, insolent, unmanageable people on the face of the earth, and Keith held them in such intense aversion, that very little would have made him quarrel with them, which would have been

unwise, considering our position. These men positively refused to give any otta for our Coolies, and when shown the Rajah's permit, only laughed at his authority, saying their village belonged to the god Nari; and they owned no allegiance to any Rajah. This appeared in some degree true, as the Tere Rajah, finding it impossible to get any tribute or obedience from the Brahmins, made a merit of necessity, and presented the village to the temple. This was no reason why our Coolies should starve, however. Some of the men had the face to come asking for medicine and advice, while refusing to sell us an ounce of food. Keith declared he would give no medicine save in exchange for flour, and would take it by force. The matter was getting quite serious; the crowd looked hostile and threatening. Keith was examining his rifles, and counting how much assistance he might reckon upon from our men, when fortunately a man from a neighbouring village offered to bring flour for the men if he received quinine for himself; and as of course we much preferred being peaceable if

possible, Keith ate his dinner in comfort, and ignored the impertinent crowd without. We had been fortunate hitherto in procuring food for ourselves at the villages, as our salt provisions, with the exception of the humps and a tin box of "soft speldings," which were a great standby, had proved uneatable after the first day or two. Before we started, we heard diabolical tales of gentlemen—"very good shots, too"—who had found it quite impossible to provision their camp; for, starting with the idea of shooting each day's dinner, they were compelled ignominiously to return, having marched sometimes for two days and only seen a "blackbird."

I have said little of our dangers and alarms from the perilous paths and steep khuds we were daily carried over, because I wish people to preserve their belief in me as long as possible, and I feel a moral conviction that were I to detail half we really went through, my readers would throw the book aside with an impatient exclamation of total incredulity. In the first place, there are no roads through these jungles, and

how the men ever found their way is still a miracle to me. When the camp broke up in the morning, one Khit marched first, with a detachment of Coolies carrying the provisioning department. The tents then generally disappeared. Keith was always to be seen with Keniah at his heels, looking for game. (A Chuprassee will always carry a gun, though he may refuse to take a bundle of much lighter weight; but a gun is an aristocratic implement, and conveys no idea of degradation.) We probably started next, and Keith's solemn, respectable bearer always remained on the ground till every individual article had been packed in the kilters (baskets like creels) and despatched. He himself always walked behind the last Coolie, bringing him up to time in the evening. It was astonishing how instantly we lost sight of everybody else. When we scaled a steep hill, we sometimes saw a line of slowly moving black dots wending their way round some point. It was a great relief to our minds when we could discern them, as it was impossible to help believing sometimes that we



were really lost. Whenever we passed a rivulet, we always looked anxiously for foot-prints, and if we saw a wet mark on a stone, we felt pretty sure it must be one of our men; but if we discerned a nailed heel in the damp ground, we were instantly relieved, knowing no boot save Keith's could have passed that way. The men often had consultations about the road, and guided themselves by signs unknown to us. Sometimes, after a vigorous controversy, unable to decide, they would, with stentorian lungs, shout, "Zemindar, which road?" and an invisible voice from some hill near would respond by the single word "Upper," or "Under"—a direction which always seemed to satisfy the men, and they hurried on, though how the Zemindar guessed the place we wanted to find is a mystery still. However, we always reached the camp in safety. As for the position in which the dandee was sometimes placed, here is a sketch, but that can only give one kind of peril, while ours were changing every moment. Often the pole of the dandee was perfectly perpendicular. The



DANGER IN DIFFICULTIES.

two men below seemed unable to do more than support it, and could not attempt to move on, while your knees are bruised and your ankles nearly rubbed off by the rocks, and you cling to the pole till your arms are strained, and your shoulders ache so at night,

that you believe rheumatism would be a joke to it. It requires some practice and self-possession to preserve your balance and sit perfectly still, especially when, struggling up some steep crag, you hear the front man, after frantically clutching at the grass and stones near, faintly ejaculating, "Dandee tout ghia" (all broken or gone), and a breathless Coolie from behind scrambles up to aid him. Keith sometimes used to watch our transit over some particularly dangerous bit, and then say he would not sit quietly in a dandee as we did for a hundred thousand pounds, to be carried over places where a single false step would have sent us down a khud, consisting of a yard or two of dry, smooth grass, just sufficient to give you a good impetus for the cheerful leap of about two miles, ending, of course, in total annihilation at the bottom. But we had tried at first the plan of getting out whenever it looked dangerous, and found we might as well make up our minds to go on foot the whole way, as the dangerous parts were endless; and what with the nervous shrinking from possible upsets, and the amount of balance required, a dandee is





by no means perfect rest, and we were generally quite tired out at the end of the day, even when we sat resignedly through everything, except those extra bad points where the men put us down, saying it was impossible to proceed. Then we had to scramble up, armed with a stick, and assisted by one of the men who always took great care of us. Every one knows how slippery the fallen spines of fir-trees are, and we had to pass under forests of them, which was always a nervous time for us, as no steadiness of foot could always save the men from slipping. Then the rivers we had to ford were a real trial of courage. The men had a great and natural objection to getting wet, and, leaving their slippers at the side, would jump from one round wet stone to another, jerking us violently, while the rushing, roaring water beneath was suggestive of anything but pleasing thoughts. The bridges, if there were any, consisted of a single plank, which, vibrating considerably in the middle, presented after all but a choice of difficulties.

We determined to rest over Sunday at the village of Bhargee, and as we arrived

tolerably early the night before, Nora and I went on an exploring expedition into the village, which was a rather large and uncommonly dirty one. As usual, it looked entirely deserted; but seeing we appeared quiet, unoffending people, the inhabitants began to reappear, and we got some sketching subjects—such hideous old women! Keith declares, when men grow old they look like gnarled and knotted oaks, but old women become more dreadful every year. No wonder, when he has been accustomed to Paharie (hill) women, their angular, skinny arms, with the elbow-joints so sharply defined, the tangled grey hair flying like twisted snakes about their frightful wrinkled faces, and a filthy mat of ragged covering. Really Macbeth's witches were respectable old ladies compared to these hags. The villages are full of women and children: you rarely see any men. They are out with the cattle, the only labour they condescend to undertake at home. All the agricultural work is done by women.

These hills are far more populous than I expected. You everywhere see little clusters

of huts, dignified by the name of a village, dotted over the hill-sides—long, low buildings, with overhanging roofs, which are covered with very thick, unwieldy slates (found in plenty all over the hills), of no particular shape. The slate is of such bad quality it will not break up into the thin, neat squares we are accustomed to see. They are, however, generally hidden from view by a luxuriant crop of gourds, or cucumbers, hanging in profuse masses, and giving the hut, at a distance, a great resemblance to the vine-clad cottages of Italy. They do not indulge in the number of floors and windows that we think necessary, but content themselves with one aperture, which serves both for light and egress. On this they expend great attention, however, often carving the posts, and having two or three pretty little wooden Byzantine arches and pillars, all on exactly the same pattern designed, no doubt, in old times by some cunning workman, and scrupulously copied to this day by their descendants. I saw, however, in two or three villages, wonderful exceptions to this rule; sometimes the groups



round these doorways were refreshing to an artist's soul. But it was only when we camped near a village that we could see much of the people. As we approached, warning would be given that strangers were coming, and we found that nearly all the inhabitants had hidden themselves; the men skulking for fear of being pressed to work, the women being locked up lest we should see them: our turbans and hats probably made them believe us all "Sahibs." Sometimes, on approaching, we would hear a shrill feminine voice, in a very high key, loudly protesting against being shut up, and proclaiming her right to see all that passed—a kind of embryo lecture on "woman's rights," which, however, gained her not the slightest amelioration.

All through the hills that strange custom is prevalent of allowing each woman to have several husbands, so opposed to the usual habit of Eastern nations; but, as the Puharries always kill two-thirds of their female infants, I suppose there is not a wife apiece for the men. When this territory lapses to Government, as it will probably soon do

—seeing the Rajah is ninety, and has no son —infanticide will be much checked if not altogether stopped.

Every day's march now gave us nearer and more exquisite glimpses of the eternal snowy range. I believe any one who has travelled thus far, and only once seen a sunrise on the snows, would acknowledge the trouble of his journey out and home had been repaid a thousandfold. You can never be wearied of gazing on the scene. Those snowy peaks gleam out with dazzling purity alike through the cold blue light of early morning, or bathed in the bright rosy blush of the setting sun; and high above, piled in fantastic confusion, rise the many-tinted palaces of cloudland, and you are looking at this wondrous panorama through a vista of luxuriant tropical trees, and seated on a carpet of the rarest exotic ferns, and of these ferns, at Mussoorie, we were told we could find three hundred different species; but after having with some trouble collected about fifty, we were inclined to feel dubious about the others. Now, I should not be astonished at being told we might find

three thousand. Every day the Coolies ruthlessly trod down beds of delicate maiden-hair and gold and silver ferns that would have made the fortune of a London gardener.

When the Rifle officers joined us at Bhargee, serious fears were raised of the commissariat department standing such a drain on its powers; it was therefore considered the safest plan to act on the mutual principle, and dine with each other alternately, to see that neither party took unfair advantage of the other, by consuming more than their proper share. The first night this arrangement was carried out, Nora and I doffed our jungle attire, and appeared in modern black silks, with some of the sweet wild clematis in our hair. Our camp was about a stone's throw from our friends', and when the repast was ready, Mr. Hamilton, the head of their party, came with lighted torches and a train of Coolies to guide us safely over the inequalities of the road, one of the gentlemen remaining at home to receive us in state. And very picturesque was

the scene. The numerous camp-fires, each with their allotted number of Coolies, smoking, chatting, and cooking their food, while the white tents shone with many a ray of bright moonlight, let in through the tangled branches of the forest, the whole shut in with a dark band of solemn, silent hills, and canopied with the deep blue vault of heaven and its myriads of shining stars. It was rather different to any dinner party I have ever witnessed. The dining-room was a square tent, just large enough to hold the table with us—six in number—seated round on various improvised seats. A port-manteau on end was a valuable resting-place; one had an inverted basket, with a pillow on it to raise it sufficiently. The tent was lined with crimson and dark blue, the sides artistically arranged with guns, rifles, shooting-belts, powder-horns, and a little vivandière's keg, which had done good service in the Crimea. Fancy quoting Longfellow and Shakspeare while eating tahir (wild goat) steaks and roast shikaw (hill partridges)! Mr. Hamilton had such

a classical taste that he could not think of reading any secular author, save Shakspeare, in the jungle; so of course we naturally had numerous references to "Cymbeline" and "King Lear," while Nana and I, not having such expansive minds, preferred Tennyson and Longfellow. Then the next day's shooting having been arranged by the gentlemen, at a gothic hour as Londoners would have thought, but very late for the jungle and tired hunters, we wended our homeward way escorted by our hosts, and greeted by uproarious demonstrations on the part of the dogs. Many a merry evening have we thus passed, to be marked with one of the few white stones of our life's pilgrimage.

Bhargee abounds with snakes. Keith killed one outside our tent, and showed us its poison-fangs; indeed, scarcely a day passed without some of our party encountering and despatching one of these venomous reptiles. Next day our camp only moved to Mânde, a distance of three miles, to give the gentlemen an opportunity of devoting their energies entirely to shooting; and each

one taking a Bhargee guide, set off in high spirits, and returned in the evening thoroughly tired and rather disgusted, with a very scanty supply of Manaul pheasants—excellent birds in their way, but not realising the visions of deer and tahir with which they had started. Keith had discovered the track of an enormous bear, whose footprints he, as well as the guide, at first took to be those of a human being; but as Mr. Ogilvie and himself had determined to reserve themselves for the pursuit of tahir alone, he was afraid of alarming them by firing at anything else, and so let Bruin escape. They had seen some tahir, but not near enough to kill any. These animals are very wild, and, when once startled, will travel perhaps fifty miles without stopping; so it is useless to look for them two days in the same place. All agreed that no day's deer-stalking at home was anything like so fatiguing as the exertions they had made with so little visible results. When you hit a bird, most likely it falls a mile down some khud, and by the time you reach the spot it is nowhere to be seen; so you have

to climb the opposite side, and when you arrive at the summit, after an hour's weary toil, find you are apparently about a stone's throw from your first position.

The Coolies manage to scramble up, carrying a heavy gun, where the gentlemen declared, had they been obliged to hold a gun, it must have been with their eyelids, that being the only muscle unoccupied. Nora and I spent the day in searching for sketches, and having scrambled down to the mountain torrent, discovered the ground strewed with walnuts, of which, with the assistance of our faithful attendant, the red-haired Coolie, we collected a number, which were produced with great pride at dessert. But, alas! we found, though looking exactly like English nuts outside, these deceitful things had their lining membrane made of wood inside the shells, so it was nearly impossible to get anything to eat out of them. Of course no one had any crackers, but stones were plentiful, and after several fingers had been grazed, and thumbs had narrow escapes of crushing, we gave up the fruitless attempt in despair.

and were compelled to acknowledge our day's hunting had been as unsuccessful as our neighbours'.

Most people have remarked what a calming effect a distant line of blue hills has on the mind; they are so fair, so pure, so passionless. The same feeling, in a much greater degree, is caused by nearing the snowy range. Nothing on earth can give you so solemn an impression of eternity. Those lofty white peaks rearing themselves so majestically into the sky, their extraordinary stillness and purity, their immense size, which crushes and overwhelms you, above all, their sublime superiority to all around, must lift your thoughts necessarily from earthly to heavenly things, from time to eternity. I would not envy that (educated) man who could wander over these hills without feeling himself humbled in mind, less worldly in spirit, more childlike in heart, without owning, whatever his outward creed, that his soul was lifted nearer to his God. I say "educated" man, because the miserable inhabitants of these regions, having eyes, see not.



One of our camping grounds. That as original combination of scenery as I well be remembered. A large irregular table land with two small lakes, and clump of trees here and there for a park, and a view of snow. With three mill, a good civilised, what a site for a mansion would this be. Only thirty the first shooting by some of the Indians there. Several thousand of the Indians would not sleep all night from the cold. In the morning we did not wake to any less fog and the first light dawned with lame hands and aching feet. No amount of clothing seemed to make any difference. They said people at home would think you were in the tents during a frost. Another day's march brought us through thickets of wild raspberries and must slip heads of wild strawberries to the lovely valley of Malagong, the spot where Keith is minded to remain a few days. Our men had picked up some of the Indians' tents about a mile from the camp, and a few of the Indians were seen in the distance. The Indians were not far from the camp.

